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## PRUSSIA AND THE SMALL STATES.

HAS the word "progress" an equivalent in the German language? Many would have replied in the negative before the Bohemian campaign. And now that the Bohemian campaign has changed the tone of general opinion, the same people are beginning to wonder at the apparent relapse of the Prussian Government into its old sluggishness. To our mind this relapse is but apparent, and the appearance is not justified. The dead ride quick, but the living ride quicker. We have merely to watch the course of events as communicated by Mr. Reuter, and to compare it with the history of Germany since 1848, if we would judge of the speed that has been imported into German politics by Count Bismarck. Scarcely is the war over before the war contributions are levied. One day a deputation from Hanover comes to implore mercy, and the next day the Prussian Chambers pass the law for the annexation of Hanover. The fate of Schleswig-Holstein, which has been so long in the balance, is at last summarily decided; and the two Duchies, which have weighed like a nightmare for the last eighteen years on writers and politicians, are, we hope, to settle down into obscurity. Even Austria has profited by the lesson taught her, and is reducing her army with greater speed than she ever brought it into battle. We may at length have some hope that the value of time will be recognised in Germany; that action will not be delayed till it is too late to act; and that reforms will not be discussed over and over again, till their necessity is recognised and their adoption has been superseded. There are many reasons for such speed in the present position of affairs. Count Bismarck has to strike the iron while it is hot; he has to bring round his royal master to many projects which the King would disapprove of in his calmer moments, but which are forced upon him by recent victories. The language of King William to the advocates of King George was generally scrutinized in England as bearing on a new theory of Providence, when it was more significant of a new theory of divine right. We have long since heard that Providence was on the side of great battalions; but William I. has added a further meaning to the *mot* of Frederick II. The great battalions are now to have allotted to them the task of reviewing the decisions of that divinity which hedges kings. Divine right is good for the conqueror, but it ceases with a defeat. There is too much subtlety in this theory for it to have originated in the mind of a sergeant-major, and we can see that Count Bismarck has yielded to the view of divine right, so as to enrich it by a new reading. When George III. had partly recovered from one of his attacks, and his Ministers were very anxious to show that he had completely recovered, the only obstacle to his reading the King's Speech was that, at the end of every sentence he interpolated the word "peacock." He was deaf to all remonstrances, and the Ministers were beginning to despair. At last one suggested to his Majesty that the word peacock was a fit and proper ending to every sentence, only it was to be spoken so that no one could hear it. The result was that George III. read the King's Speech with the most perfect success, and it was noticed as a great improvement on his former reading that he paused at the end of each sentence. Count Bismarck is the King of Prussia's peacock. But King William is not the only cause of Count Bismarck's rapidity. There can be little doubt that unless North Germany is con-

solidated before a new enemy can come into the field, a real union of Germany may be effectually delayed. After making one request and being repulsed, the Emperor of the French is scarcely the man to submit tamely to the worst disgrace that has befallen him since his period of systematic failure. Nor are the domestic difficulties of North Germany to be made light of, especially with the more or less avowed hostility of the Southern States ready to become active but content to smoulder. Opinion in Bavaria is by no means unanimous on the subject of a united Germany. There is even yet a party opposed to all union. There is a very strong party opposed to the predominance of Prussia. Both these parties have been somewhat driven into the background by the Prussian victory, as we saw by the motion for alliance with Prussia in the Lower House of the Bavarian Diet. But the late demonstration of Hanoverian loyalty will do something to revive those local jealousies in a country which is more personally loyal than Hanover, more alive to its own importance in Germany, and more reluctant to succumb to a Power which it looks upon as half a stranger.

The debates in the Prussian Chamber show that on the point of unity or annexation, Count Bismarck has nothing to fear from those who were his worst opponents. It may seem strange that a man who was so generally detested a short time ago should now, not only enjoy so much popularity at home, but should have risen all of a sudden into a statesmanlike reputation. It is not often that a man lives down an unenviable notoriety, or passes while he is alive through that process of whitewashing which comes so natural to subsequent historians. We have seen Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, Richard III., and Henry VIII. rehabilitated, but in no case was the rehabilitation complete or general. In spite of Archbishop Whately, M. Rénan, and Mr. Froude, most people retain their old aversion for Pilate and Judas, and children are still taught the legend of "Killey-wifey." It is different with Count Bismarck, and we think this fact alone ought to prove the wide existence of sympathy with the cause of German unity. Men must have short memories indeed to forget how the Prussian Constitution was violated; how the taxes were levied without the necessary consent of the Chambers; how the censorship was established in the teeth of two direct prohibitions of it; how deputies were made answerable to the law, though their words were expressly privileged. Even the constant reiterations of the Prussian press, the Prussian King, the Prussian Minister, cannot drive out of our minds the distinct and formal conviction that Prussia, not Austria, was the aggressor. Yet, no sooner had Prussia declared that she was fighting for German unity, and Austria had committed herself to the cause of the dynasties, than all these offences were condoned, and Prussia was accepted as the champion of the people against its kings, although at home she had made the King prevail over the people. Some of our Conservative contemporaries went so far as to advocate the continuance of Bismarckian policy as the only hope for Germany. The German Liberals, it was said, would never have brought about the unity they had so long been discussing. If the work was left to them, even now they would ruin all that has been done, and would throw back affairs into anarchy. It never struck the Tory defenders of forcible annexation that the reason why the Liberals of Germany had never succeeded was because they

were too scrupulous. They wished their scheme to be perfect before it was put in operation. They wanted to hear all parties, to discuss all objections, to satisfy all claims, to let all rights be represented. Their revolution was to be made, not with rose-water, but with ink and paper. It was not their wish to sweep away all abuses, and all that was attached to abuses, in one August night, as in the first French Revolution. And because they were not ready for violence, they failed to win the admiration and the abuse of Conservative critics. But Count Bismarck, who united himself to the Prussian Conservatives till he stood no longer in need of them, who effected a revolution while pretending to be the champion of order, and swept away small dynasties in order to strengthen a great one, is taken at his word by the Tories, and at his deeds by the Liberals. To the latter, it is enough that he has done the work which they wanted to be done. He has put an end to the small States, which, as the democratic deputy, Waldeck, said, were the cancer of Germany. But this by itself would not suffice for the Tories, and they fortunately discover that, while doing Liberal work, he has made war on Liberal principles, and has effected a project instead of deliberating on its justice. We cannot say that our own opinion of the justice of the Prussian cause has been in the least altered by the issue of the war. In one respect we were probably mistaken. Till the last moment we could hardly believe that Prussia would fairly and openly take up a position as leader of the cause of unity, and would fight against Austria and the dynasties. We rather expected that if anything came of the strife between the two great Powers, it would be an unconscious and reluctant enlisting of Prussia in favour of German unity. Of course, we were from the first prepared for the struggle being one for preponderance in Germany, since that has been the tendency of affairs from the time of Prussia's rise to independence. But we could not expect that King William would be swayed as he has been by his Minister, or rather that his Minister would have the courage to exert his influence in that direction. Now that things have been brought to such a pitch, it is too late for the King to retract, and it seems plain that he has made up his mind to persevere. The course marked out before Prussia is difficult and beset with dangers; but King and people are at last unanimous, and their unanimity must prevail over the suspicion excited by their former dissensions, and over the half-heartedness of provincial loyalty.

#### MAZZINI-ISM.

THERE are some men who can lay a foundation-stone, but are utterly incapable of rearing an edifice; who can be the pioneers of a great cause, but who cannot conduct it to a successful result; who are earnest, self-devoted, and single-minded, but whose fate, fault, or misfortune it is incessantly to thwart that which they are most anxious to promote. Such a man is Signor Mazzini. It would be unjust to deny that he has done much for Italy, and that in many respects he deserves well of her. The late Count Cavour acknowledged, in the most ungrudging terms, that to him it is mainly due that the idea of a united Italy took firm hold on the national mind, and that the national aspirations were kept steadily fixed in this direction through long days of dire oppression and of hopeless gloom. Most of those who have since been conspicuous in the service of their country were once his pupils or associates. It has often been said—but the charge is unfounded—that he shrank from sharing the dangers into which he thrust others. He has been not less resolute in action than in thought; and yet the melancholy end of all that he has done and suffered for the sake of Italy is that he finds himself at last a voluntary exile from her shores. We cannot help regretting this result, although we are not at all astonished at it. The truth is, that as a politician Signor Mazzini has always been the most impracticable and wrongheaded of men. The intensity of his convictions, the fanatical fervour with which he has pursued a dreamy and mystical ideal, the egotism which has sustained him under difficulties and trials that would have broken down a weaker man, have incapacitated him from seeing things as they are, from adapting himself to the course of events, from bringing himself into anything like harmony with a world which is as different as light from darkness to that in which he first began to conspire. As he was, when the Austrian authorities ruled in all the petty States of North Italy, and the Kingdom of Sardinia was a stronghold of absolutism, so he is now when everything else is changed. He has spent a life in trying to force not only his own country, but Europe, into a particular groove, and now, in his old age, he is obliged to confess that his attempts have

resulted in nothing but failure. Of course, he does not acknowledge that it is he who has failed or has been in the wrong. He has replied to the offered amnesty, which would have allowed him to return to Italy, by a fierce invective against all that has been accomplished of recent years, and against the peace which has just put his country in possession of Venetia. It is nothing to hear that Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic,—with the exception of Rome, from which the French are about to retire. Uniting itself under a king of the House of Savoy, is rather a reproach than a gain. To his distempered mind, the country which most people are disposed to congratulate upon the unexampled good fortune which in the course of a few years has converted the "mere geographical idea" of Metternich into a nation, is on the brink of ruin. And to crown all, he actually demands that an implacable war should be waged against Austria for the possession of the outlying districts of the Trentino, the Upper Friuli, Trieste, and Istria. Because the Italians have some portion of common sense, because they content themselves—although, perhaps, somewhat unwillingly—with what they have got, instead of risking all on the chance of gaining a few bits of territory which are by no means necessary for their national life or their national security—he casts them off as a people dishonoured and degraded, by a guilt and a cowardice so deep and ignominious that he cannot sully himself by coming amongst them.

There is, we are happy to say, no chance of this furious tirade producing the slightest effect. There was a time when Mazzini had a considerable influence in Italy, but that time is past. He gained his power because a down-trodden and oppressed people were ready in their despair to listen to any one who promised them a better future, and to adopt any means which he told them were likely to relieve their desperate condition. They were obliged to conspire, because they had no means of expressing their opinion or attaining their ends. They may be excused if, in such days, they listened even to those monstrous pleadings in favour of tyrannicide which Mazzini's casuistical art invested with considerable speciousness, and to the practical application of which he lent his sanction in at least one unhappy instance. Nor is it wonderful that they should have suffered themselves, still more frequently, to be led into rash and absurd enterprises without counting the cost or considering the chances of success. But they know better now. To a people which is, and feels itself to be, in possession of solid freedom—which sees that it has steadily advanced in prosperity and power during the last few years, and now finds itself on the very brink of realizing its most sanguine hopes,—there is no charm in conspiracy, there is no attraction in fighting for mere chimerical ideas; there is insanity, or something like it, in the proposition that they should commit themselves recklessly to a war not only with Austria but with France, for the sake of obtaining that which is either of little value or is certain to fall into their hands by simply waiting for it a very short time. Moreover, the events of the last few years have signally discredited Mazzini in the eyes of his countrymen. With insignificant exceptions, they all recognise the fact that it is to the policy of Cavour, and to the honesty of Victor Emmanuel, that they owe their independence and their liberty. They do not forget that on every occasion Mazzini did all in his power to thwart the great Minister; and that it is not his fault if the solid, practical, and, as it has turned out, eminently successful attempt to unite the whole country round the House of Savoy, and upon the solid basis afforded by Sardinia, was not abandoned or frustrated in favour of a wild scheme for creating a republic, with Rome for its capital. No doubt they have smarted and still smart under the influence of France, and bitterly resent the price which Louis Napoleon exacted for his assistance in 1859. But they have too much good sense not to be aware that if the cession of Savoy and Nice was a heavy price to pay, they nevertheless received more than value for it. Mazzini may have confidence in what he calls "ideas"; he may be prepared to hurl undisciplined levies of volunteers against armies like those of France and Austria; but his countrymen have learned by sad experience that neither "ideas" nor volunteers are of much use against well-disciplined troops and powerful artillery. The events of 1849 proved that they could not alone successfully contend with Austria, and that by this case it necessarily followed that the aid of France must be secured on such terms as she was willing to accept. However unfortunate it may have been, there was nothing like shame in surrendering one small province in order to obtain the liberation of the best part of the kingdom. Still less can there be any disgrace in that recent alliance with Prussia which has given them Venetia without the slightest sacrifice of territory on their part. The

Italians must be aware that all this has been accomplished, not by following but by rejecting the advice of the man who did more than any other to cause the failure of the rising in 1848 by exciting the people of Milan against Charles Albert; and they are not likely to listen to him now when he counsels an act of folly even more stupendous than any to which he has heretofore committed himself.

It is probable, and we shall be heartily glad if it is the case, that we have heard the last of Mazzini as a political personage. He is now deprived even of such influence as he might derive from what he calls his "martyrdom." If he is an exile, it is by his own choice. If he suffers, it is because he will not bow his pride, and put up with the disappointment of seeing that others have conferred upon Italy the happiness which he desired to give her, and have accomplished the object by means very different from those which he wished to employ. There will no longer be any false halo round his name, and nobody will, therefore, be blinded by that to the intrinsic absurdity of his political system. It is difficult to believe how any man could in these days conceive it possible to organize Europe into a system of federated republics; still less how he should think it practicable to attain that result by a network of secret societies and hidden conspiracies. But one has only to read Mazzini's books to see that the notion of the possible or the practicable never entered into his mind. He evolved his political system as the German did his cameleopard—out of the depths of his moral consciousness; his powerful imagination invested the miserable agencies at his command with an appearance of power; and it must be confessed that his delusion on this point was fostered by the panic-terror with which he inspired almost every sovereign and government in Europe. He could hardly help believing in himself, when he knew that the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria trembled at his name. Mazzini, in fact, represented for a time the vague but deep discontent—the bitter hatred of the governed for their governors—which then pervaded Europe. He accomplished nothing, it is true; but he had always a conspiracy on the anvil; and when men can do nothing else, the wildest conspiracy is a source of hope. Now although the state of things on the Continent is still far from satisfactory, it can hardly be denied that it has considerably improved. At any rate if nothing else is changed, there is a marked advance in the political education of those whom the people accept as their leaders. There may be a tendency towards democracy, but it is not democracy of the Mazzinian pattern. Its ideal may be less elevated, but its aims are far more practical and far more limited. This, at all events, seems to be seen pretty clearly, that with such standing armies as are at present on foot in all the European States, it is in vain to attempt the subversion of thrones by the subterranean burrowings of a few score exiles and a few hundreds or thousands of affiliated members of some mysterious order or society. Such oppression as now prevails is scarcely anywhere so intense as to drive men to dash their heads madly against stone walls, or to seek for consolation in laying out plans of impossible States. Even those who suffer have learnt that they can only bring about better times by using circumstances, by accepting opportunities, and by putting up with compromises; and that perverse attempts to impose arbitrarily-constructed systems on countries which are not fit for them, do not want them, or cannot obtain them, must ever result in disaster and failure. That being the case, Mazzini and Mazzini-ism may be numbered with the things of the past. The "great conspirator" is now as harmless as he was ever mischievous.

#### RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

IN the fourth chapter of Mr. Kinglake's history of the "Invasion of the Crimea," he gives a succinct but masterly view of the motives, objects, and tendencies of the habitual policy of Russia in her relations with Turkey. We will try to repeat it in a few words. The inhabitants of a region of almost perpetual snows naturally covet a resting-place in lands of roses and sunshine. The seaboard and ports which the Russians possess upon the Euxine tempt them to desire the apparently not difficult acquisition of those straits which command an entrance to all the happiest and most historic shores of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and open a pathway even to the Atlantic and the remotest West. The Russian aristocracy have much talent for diplomacy and have acquired great experience in it, and in nothing have these qualifications been more frequently exercised or more conspicuously displayed than in the negotiations and intrigues whose object has been to realize, more or less speedily, this cherished idea.

The religious zeal of the Muscovite masses has for generations set strongly in the same direction. Hatred of the infidels, sympathy with the oppressed millions of their fellow-Christians, the indignant sense of the desecration which the city of Constantine and the church of St. Sophia have suffered so long, have served to stimulate and ennoble the national longing. To the thoughtful and politic few, the possession of the Golden Horn opens a promise of wealth and empire. To the one-ideaed and enthusiastic millions, it seems an end worth fighting for, to lift the Cross once more over the domes and towers from which it was pulled down. The sovereigns of Russia themselves have had much ado to resist and control this mastering impulse of their subjects, and the Emperor Alexander I. believed that he stood alone in his opposition to the prevailing idea. The gain would, no doubt, be great; but, besides the risk that must be run in striving for such a prize, some of the obvious consequences of success were such as to make one pause before attempting the enterprise. The commanding position of Constantinople forbade it to be less than the capital of any empire to which it might belong. To govern it and the provinces of which it would be the centre from St. Petersburg would plainly be impossible. It would be no less impossible to govern the Northern provinces of Russia from Constantinople. Dismemberment instead of aggrandisement might, therefore, be the result to the Russian empire of this enormous conquest. This thought has made the rulers of Russia irresolute, though never careless or inactive, in the prosecution of the national idea. But their irresolution has generally vanished whenever the obstacles to conquest have seemed to lessen, and especially whenever it has seemed probable that other great Powers of Europe would not combine in resisting the policy of Russia in this direction.

It is unnecessary to point out here how completely this view is sustained by a consideration of the events which preceded the Crimean war; but we have thought it well to give this rapid *résumé* of Mr. Kinglake's remarks, because the time seems to have come once more when Russia is in a position in which she finds herself impelled to fresh aggressions on the integrity of the Ottoman dominions. We find it announced in a Russian journal of authority and influence that, "as the settlement of Europe made in 1815 has been completely upset, there is no reason why Russia should be bound by the Treaty of Paris of 1856; that the Black Sea must be free to her again, and that the injurious obligations imposed on her by a coalition of the Western Powers are no longer binding." It is believed that an authoritative declaration of the intention of the Russian Government to treat the Treaty of 1856 as waste paper (fit to be consigned to the same basket as the Treaties of 1815 and the Treaty of Zurich of 1859) has been issued from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, and will soon emerge into publicity. Russia considers that "the robber's simple plan" has practically superseded the old public law of Europe. The "strong hand" settled the question of Schleswig-Holstein. A happy adventure exploded the newest arrangement as to the government of the Danubian Principalities. "Blood and iron" have discrowned the King of Hanover, the Kurfürst of Hesse, the Duke of Nassau, and some inferior *potentatulae*, and have remorselessly annexed, absorbed, appropriated, and made away with property of all sorts, real and personal, territory and thalers, thorough-bred horses and merino sheep, beeves, boats, and bottles of wine. King William of Prussia is, in fact, the grandest Rob Roy in history. His Imperial nephew in the North objects, perhaps, to some of these proceedings, and, as far at least as the sheep-stealing is concerned, would not condescend to imitate them; but, having immense resources of a predatory character in Cossacks, Bashkirs, and barbarians in general, it cannot be supposed that his interests, upon the whole, are likely to suffer by his conforming to the precedents with which recent occurrences have so copiously supplied. Therefore the Treaty of Paris is a document with which the Emperor of the French, or, for the matter of that, the Earl of Clarendon (who put his name to it), is perfectly at liberty to light his cigar. At the worst, it merely snubbed Russia, but it never practically diminished her power. She has now a mind not only to wipe out the insult, but to take satisfaction for it in the shape of substantial increase of territory and authority. Who is to say her nay? Not effete, insolvent, helpless Turkey. Not crippled, broken, friendless Austria. Not Prussia, busy in storing up and guarding her recent acquisitions, and not disposed to risk the loss of them by any chivalrous efforts to sustain a doomed and tottering empire. Not England, probably, sticking so fast to her counter and her commerce, and uncertain whether her forces are sufficient to protect her interests.

Not even France, discomfited in America and crestfallen in Europe, not prepared for any war, and, if for any, first of all with that upstart Power which has made her cease to be *la grande nation*. And if Russia fears no other Power individually, much less does she apprehend any possible danger from the exceedingly improbable combination of even any two of their number. Therefore she encourages the insurgent Candiot to persevere. Therefore she troubles the *status quo* in the Principalities by stirring up among the Moldavian countrymen of Cowno a spirit of hostility to Charles of Hohenzollern. Servia is supplied by her with rifled cannon, and Montenegro, Albania, and Bulgaria, are kept all alive. Large bodies of troops are massed at Kharkoff—a point from which they can be conveniently moved to many important positions. The railways from Kiew to Lemberg, Odessa, and Balta, are to be completed early in 1867.

Russia has not right on her side, but we can hardly say that she has not reason. "When a wrong," says Mr. Kinglake, in the second chapter of the work we have already referred to, "is being done against any State, great or small, when that wrong in its present or ulterior consequences happens to be injurious to one of the five great Powers; and, finally, when the great Power so injured is competent to wage war with fair hopes, then Europe is accustomed to expect that the great Power which is sustaining the hurt will be enlivened by the smart of the wound, and for its own sake, as well as for the public weal, will be ready to come forward in arms, or to labour for the formation of such leagues as may be needed for upholding the cause of justice. If a Power fails in this duty to itself and to Europe, it suddenly becomes lowered in the opinion of mankind, and happily there is no historic lesson more true than that which teaches all rulers that a moral degradation of this sort is quickly followed by disasters of such a kind as to be capable of being expressed in arithmetic, and of being in that way made clear to even the narrowest understanding." But even if we admit every syllable of what is here so fairly stated, it would be so hard to accuse Russia of wrong in certain conceivable cases of war declared by her against Turkey, it would be so hard to induce, under present circumstances, England or France to interfere effectively (though the "wrong" in its "ulterior consequences" might be very injurious to both), it would be so hard to form, on any side or all sides, "such leagues as may be needed, that we are much more likely to see one or more of the once great Powers of Europe not only "lowered in the opinion of mankind," but also finding their moral degradation followed by the arithmetical lesson referred to above, than to witness any effort made, singly or in combination, to arrest the aggressive course upon which Russia seems prepared to enter. We have more than once recently given our own views of the Turkish question, which are certainly neither Muscovite nor Ottoman, but we have little hope of seeing them realized in the face of that practical *reductio ad absurdum* to which diplomacy has brought Europe at the present moment.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AT SALISBURY.

ADDRESSING a meeting in Salisbury, it was only natural that Mr. Gladstone should commence his speech by pronouncing a panegyric upon the late Sidney Herbert. There was, indeed, more than mere local appropriateness in introducing by such a reference his subsequent remarks on Parliamentary Reform. Amongst the many qualities for which that lamented statesman was distinguished, none was more conspicuous than his broad and genial sympathy with all classes of his countrymen. He was entirely destitute of any narrow prejudices of class or caste, and a spirit of confidence and trust guided and animated his whole political career. It is well to recall such a man to our recollection at the present time, because the main difficulty of passing a Reform Bill arises from the obstinate repugnance of politicians to approach the subject in the spirit in which Sidney Herbert would approach it were he still amongst us. On the one hand we have the fear and jealousy of the working classes, leading to all sorts of schemes for neutralizing their influence, if they cannot be entirely excluded from the franchise. On the other hand, we have Mr. Bright and the extreme Liberals seeking, not merely to enfranchise the working class, but to do this as a means towards the humiliation of the aristocracy, and the destruction of their influence. By reminding us thus pointedly of his deceased friend, Mr. Gladstone may not have intended it, but still he does in fact suggest to us that there is a higher and better frame of mind than either of these; and that it is in that spirit we ought to deal with a

question which involves the deepest and most permanent interests of the country.

We cannot help entertaining some regret that Mr. Gladstone dealt almost exclusively with the past. We would willingly have had, at least in general terms, his views as to the present position of the Reform question, and as to the goal at which we ought to aim. There is no doubt some force in the consideration which he urged as an excuse for his reticence. "The weight of public opinion, the weight and value of its indications, would be disparaged if it could with justice be said that the Ministers who have been politically overthrown were using their personal endeavours to influence the public mind." But although it may be very undesirable that ex-Ministers should do anything to influence the public mind, it is in our opinion very desirable that they should do something to guide it; and should, in point of fact, by setting before it some definite programme, protect it against that desultory inflammation which it is now experiencing under the treatment of Mr. Beales and his friends. We trust that Mr. Gladstone may yet be induced to reconsider his determination on this point; but, in the mean time, we can only deal with what we have before us. The staple of his speech was an effective vindication of the course pursued by the late Government in reference to Reform. To some of the attacks which had been made both upon his colleagues and himself, he did, indeed, vouchsafe no reply, for, as he well remarked, they were for the most part only the result of that disinclination which prevails in almost all circles to express any aversion to further Reform in Parliament. The aversion exists, as every one knows; but there are few, even of those who most dislike the idea of extending the franchise, who do not see that the thing is inevitable. General Peel and Mr. Lowe were, so far as we can recollect, the only prominent members of the House of Commons who ventured to declare boldly against all change. Everybody else was in favour of Reform in general; all that they objected to was the particular measure before the House. Even against that, many who were known to be bitterly opposed to it, would not openly declare their hostility, but contented themselves with obstructing its progress by vexatious amendments and by equally vexatious attacks upon the Minister who had charge of the Bill. If these disingenuous tactics are fruitful in embarrassments, they are also fruitful in encouragement. A cause which cannot be openly upheld is already half lost. The fact that it was thought more convenient, because more safe, to resist the Reform Bill of the late Government by any means rather than by direct, manly opposition, supplies the best augury not only of certain but of speedy success, so soon as the Conservatives, Adullamites, and the timid Liberals are convinced that the people are really in earnest. That conviction, we should imagine, cannot be much longer delayed, for an irresistible body of proof is being daily accumulated by the innumerable meetings of which reports reach us from every part of the country. Even the present Government can scarcely conceive it possible to stave off the question for another session; and although, looking to their antecedents, we scarcely expect to receive from them that "good, honest, and effectual measure" to which Mr. Gladstone promises his support, we have little doubt that they will attempt legislation of some kind or other. Of course, if they should think fit to abandon the principles they have hitherto professed, and the ground which they have hitherto occupied, we shall all be happy to support them in passing a measure conceived in the spirit of that introduced by the late Government. But on this point there can and ought to be no mistake, and Mr. Gladstone is determined that, so far as he is concerned, there shall be none. He adheres firmly to the principle of his Bill, and all true Reformers will imitate him in that respect. We must have no attempt to take away with one hand what is given with the other. We must have no dividing and marking of classes; no dealing with working men in a different way from that in which other portions of society are treated. We must lend no countenance to the theory that the various classes of Englishmen are so essentially hostile that each is certain to use any power it may gain to the injury of the rest. We must not tolerate any approach to Mr. Disraeli's old scheme for drawing a sharp line between the urban and the country population, and thus increasing enormously the power of the territorial class.

The only safe principle on which to proceed—because it is only by following it that we can avoid breaking up our population into discordant and often varying sections—is that of admitting to the franchise all who are presumably fitted for its possession. As we do not endeavour to ascertain individual fitness in the case of a man who possesses a house above £10—as we do not ask whether such a person is "fractious," beats

his wife, or takes too much beer—so we ought not to make any inquiry of the kind with respect to the tenant of a £7 house. The single question which should be raised as a preliminary to their enfranchisement is whether they are as a class, able to exercise intelligently the power with which it is proposed to invest them. That question is, however, in the present case, no sooner asked than answered, because none of the opponents of Reform venture to reply in the negative. From first to last these arguments during the past session were directed against a supposed swamping of the middle-class by working-class voters, but they never pretended to say that those who would be admitted under the extended suffrage were *per se* objectionable. In that lies, as we conceive, the sufficient justification of the measure of the late Government. It was not a complicated measure, because the theory on which it proceeded did not require one. It was simple, because its object was simple; and only those who quarrel with the object can assail it with any effect. When it is said that it was crude and partial because its operation was confined to one class, two things are forgotten or are misrepresented. In the first place, it is not true that the Bill was confined to the enfranchisement of the working classes. Very few, if any, of these are to be found paying £14 a year in counties; and under the savings banks and lodger franchises, quite as many of the middle as of the working classes would have been placed on the register. The Bill proceeded impartially on the recognition of fitness, so far as that could be ascertained by tests which are not inconsistent with our national habits and prejudices. And if it happened that more of the working classes than of any other would have been admitted by it, the reason of that is simply that more persons fairly entitled to have a vote are now rejected from this class than from any other. As long as we have in operation a system which is avowedly fashioned so as to invest a particular portion of the community with a monopoly or a preponderance of power, any extension of its boundaries must inevitably have a "class" character—that of the class previously excluded. It would, therefore, be idle, if it were not also untrue, to charge it as a fault against the Bill of the late Government, that it was mainly, if not exclusively, framed in the interest of a particular order. The same thing was said of the Reform Act, with just the same amount of foundation; and the answer which the Whigs then gave to the charge is applicable now. They said then, as we say now, that the moment a class hitherto excluded from the franchise has gained sufficient knowledge, public spirit, and intelligence, to make it a power in the State, it is for the interest of the whole country that the influence which it cannot fail to exercise somehow or other, should be regularly exercised through constitutional channels. Instead of trying to make a fictitious or mechanical balance between different interests, Earl Grey and his colleagues insisted that the true course was to trust to the patriotism, to the intelligence, and to the sense of justice of each class, not to tyrannize over or to despoil another. The experiment has answered so far. The legislation of the country since the passing of the Reform Act has not been exclusively for the benefit of the middle class; and it has certainly not been directed against the aristocracy. Is there any reason to believe that an infusion of some 200,000—or as we believe far fewer—working-class voters into the present constituency would lead to a course of legislation adverse to the middle classes? We can see none whatever; we therefore concur with Mr. Gladstone in desiring to see the Reform question treated on the simple ground of the fitness and competence of those whom it is proposed to enfranchise, and without reference to the separate interests, or the relative power of classes. The great distinction between the real and the false friends of Reform, is the readiness of the former, and the reluctance of the latter, to trust anything to those upon whom they are, or profess to be, willing to confer the suffrage. The people will not be slow to perceive the difference—indeed, they always appreciate it thoroughly. Mr. Gladstone owes the confidence with which he is regarded by the masses of his fellow-countrymen, less to his abilities or his eloquence, than to the intense conviction which he has inspired, that he has thoroughly at heart the interests of all classes, that he is anxious to do impartial justice between them, and that he looks upon Englishmen high or low, rich or poor, with equal confidence.

#### THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF MERCHANT SEAMEN.

Social science, which has done so much in drawing attention to a vast variety of social disabilities on shore, might with advantage transfer its labours to the sea. Statistical facts, in official returns and in Parliamentary papers, are not wanting

to show that the condition of merchant seamen is most unsatisfactory. Public attention is just now called to the state of our defences, and we have ourselves pointed out the rapidly decreasing numbers of *bonâ-fide* British seamen, both in the Royal and in the Mercantile navy. The diminution of seamen as regards the Queen's service is the result of an unwise but intentional policy adopted by the late Administration, which in five years reduced the effective force by 9,000 *bonâ-fide* seamen. But as regards the mercantile marine, the decrease in British able seamen, the deterioration of seamanship, the vast increase in the number of foreigners in English vessels, with the consequent increase in the proportion of marine disasters, are all traceable to several well-known causes. Humanity alone would prompt the intervention of public opinion, and, if necessary, of legislative measures for the removal of some of the causes of this decline in our maritime supremacy. The subject is, however, withdrawn from the mere mercantile basis of supply and demand, the operation of the laws of nature, or of free trade, by the circumstance that it affects not alone the pockets of shipowners, and the health, comfort, and lives of 197,643 of our fellow-men, but also the bone and sinew of our outer line of national defence. At the conclusion of our last great maritime war, even when the enemy's fleet had been destroyed, and the largest of our own ships were only one-third the size of the men-of-war of the present day, 140,000 seamen were engaged in the Royal Navy. In such a struggle for national existence now, when several of the great Powers have each fleets quite as numerous as our own, a far greater number of seamen will be required, and that on the instant, to give vitality to British squadrons in all parts of the world. To meet these demands we have 67,000 men of all classes in the Royal Navy itself, 4,000 in the Coastguard, 1,000 seamen pensioners under fifty years of age, 17,000 in the Royal Naval Reserve, and 5,000 in the Coast Volunteers, making in all 94,000 men. Where, then, are we to look for our great reserve in war? Where, but, more than ever before, to the mercantile marine! Surely, then, it is not a private, but a national question, that in the seven years between 1858 and 1865, foreigners in our mercantile marine have increased 76 per cent., and apprentices and boys have decreased 18 per cent., whilst the proportion of British seamen, even including masters and apprentices, decreased in the same period from one per 26 tons of shipping to only one per 30 tons.

One of the chief causes of this decline is alleged to be the disgraceful social condition of the crews of British merchant ships, which, it is said, deters the more respectable and skilful seamen from continuing their calling, whilst another leading cause is supposed to be found in the abolition, in 1850, of the apprentice system. It is to the former of these causes that we now purpose to direct attention, taking as our guide a Parliamentary Paper (No. 404) on "Scurvy in Merchant Ships." Scurvy was, up to the last century, the great scourge to which those who undertook long voyages were especially liable; but as a recognised disease, it has, for the last sixty years been wholly absent from the Royal Navy, and it is no uncommon thing for inquisitive naval surgeons in foreign ports to seek out cases in our merchant ships, in order to study so remarkable and unusual a disease. Scurvy is equally unknown in the more respectable and well-found merchant ships, even though traversing the same seas, under the same circumstances of wind and weather, as the less fortunate crews. Though not unknown in foreign merchant vessels, it is far less frequent than in our own. Its origin is now well ascertained, and its prevention a matter of perfect certainty. Bad or insufficient meat, bad water, bad accommodation, and the absence of variety in diet, and of vegetable substances are the primary causes. The remedy lies in correcting these defects, and, where they cannot be remedied, the daily supply of a small quantity of preserved lime-juice. Yet in the face of these well-known truths, this fearful scourge is on the increase, and may be taken merely as the index to the prevalent existence of the primary causes enumerated. Unfortunately, there are no means of getting at the number of cases of prostration from this scorbutic disease, much less of its incipient stages. Scurvy in its worst form is almost exclusively confined to ships more than sixty or seventy days without change of food, and these are chiefly the traders round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. We have no account of British ships so affected when in those seas, or indeed from any of the ports abroad, and we can only borrow from our own experience of those seas and from our imagination, taking the figures for the port of London alone as our guide. The *Dreadnought* hospital-ship for seamen reports that 102 cases were received on board in 1865, being an advance of seventeen cases on the report of the previous year. Of these 102 only three cases came from

foreign vessels, whilst ninety-nine came from British ships. This includes only some of the more severe cases, of which many may have been sent to other hospitals or home to their friends. We may therefore well believe that these 102 represent only a small proportion of incipient or even of severe scorbutic cases entering the port of London alone. Tabular statements supplied by the *Dreadnought* Hospital, in the Parliamentary paper before us, show that a ship's crew is, from this one disease alone, sometimes deprived of from twenty to ninety per cent. of hands, involving great risk to the vessel and cargo. The fearful nature of this malady may be understood from the statement that—"Patients suffering from this disease are continually hoisted on to the deck of the *Dreadnought* in a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion, the intensity of which cannot be compared to any phase of other maladies, unable, from the swollen and bleeding condition of the gums, to take any but liquid food for some time after entry." This disease is in many cases permanently fatal to health, sometimes to life, and in all cases temporarily painful in a cruel degree. Ships in which neglect and the most obvious preventable causes have resulted in this malady, in order to save the port dues, sail past ports in which vegetables and fresh provisions are readily attainable; or, as in a recent fatal case, anchor temporarily in a home port for two days without procuring a supply.

The unnecessary hardships to which seamen are thus exposed in the majority of our merchant ships, is fairly represented in these comparatively isolated cases of scurvy. That scurvy does not always supervene, arises, not from the absence of the primary causes, but because shorter voyages make a breach in the continuance of their action. Of the provisions, a large shipowner writes: "We have several ships trading constantly to the West Coast of South America, and formerly the prevalence of scurvy was very general, but now that we put citric acid on board, and also a larger supply of preserved meats, vegetables, and potatoes, we now never hear of any cases of scurvy occurring." Often the only vegetable production furnished to the crews besides hard biscuit is flour to be mixed with salt beef fat. Captain Toynbee, a master mariner of great experience, suggests that the scale of provisions for seamen should be on a par with that enforced for such passengers as soldiers, emigrants, or even convicts when on shipboard. But in the absence of wholesome food, with a proper admixture of vegetable substances, lime-juice has been found an infallible specific against scurvy itself, though it can only be regarded as an antidote to a preventable disease, the true source of which is bad or unvaried food, bad water, and bad housing, &c. Lime-juice, to be of any use, must be carefully preserved in small quantities in hermetically-sealed glass bottles. It is, however, constantly simulated by stuff supplied in casks, which has none of the juice of the lime in it, is not an anti-scorbutic at all, and being distasteful to the palate, prejudices seamen against drinking the real juice when they do get it. Water, when kept in wooden casks for a lengthened period, deteriorates, and when replenished from rain caught during the voyage, the rain water, when used for a length of time, without fresh provisions of any kind, is very unwholesome. The bad housing to which seamen are exposed in many merchant ships, is in some degree traceable to the law which taxes the shipowner for the portion of the ship used by the crew, in the same manner as if it was a cargo-bearing space. One of the largest shipowners writes: "I often feel ashamed at the wretched accommodation which is usually given, and it is hopeless to elevate the sailor as long as we house him where no man with any self-respect could exist in comfort. . . . We have a right to see them lodged at least as well as our dogs and pigs." He proposes to increase by legislation the space for the men to fifteen feet, the same as is given to emigrants, to make it moderately water-tight, and to introduce some light, ventilation, and decency. One would suppose that humanity and even self-interest would dictate to the owners some attention to these subjects; but the shipowner has generally no personal knowledge and but a very fleeting interest in his ever-changing crews, whilst the struggle in the race for wealth, places the humane owner at a disadvantage, unless fair dealing be made compulsory on all. On the other hand, the principles of marine insurance tend also to reduce the pecuniary interest of reckless traders in the well-being of their ships and crews. It is on these grounds that the more far-seeing owners call for legislative interference. A somewhat analogous case occurred a few years ago before the Transatlantic emigrants were placed under the protection of the emigration officers. It was then found upon inquiry that the ship-brokers who, from pecuniary causes, would not voluntarily provide for the most rudimentary claims of decency and humanity in accommodating the emigrants on shipboard, gladly

acquiesced in compulsory regulations, which, applying equally to all, led to a small general rise in the cost of transportation. And it is asserted that a similar readiness would be found amongst shipowners to extend the more apposite of the emigration regulations to their crews, if these were made compulsory upon all. Some such amendment seems to be necessary, not only in the cause of humanity, but in order to revive that seamanship, and to stay the annual decrease in those seamen, on whom so much of our maritime, and indeed national, safety depends.

#### COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

RECENT criminal and educational returns do not give us pleasing information on either the mental or the moral state of the people in these islands. In a previous number of this journal some remarks were made in reference to the fixed recurrence of crime, and the connection established by the plainest facts between the vice and the ignorance of our criminal population. We there made some objections to the "averagearian" theory, that in a given population there *must* be a certain calculable amount of crime, and expressed our conviction that, without any material change in the order or frame of society, certain improvements might be made in existing systems and institutions that would tend to lessen considerably the hitherto uniform increase of crime simultaneous with the growth of numbers. How far the "national system" of education, which Mr. Bright assures us is part of the programme of a Reformed Parliament, may operate favourably on the morals of the lower classes, it is not in our power to say. We might be inclined rather to argue that the present co-operation of voluntary effort and State assistance was the better machinery of the two. But, however this may be, all parties must wish for a greater diffusion of culture in the lower ranks of society, both for its own sake and its unquestioned tendency to raise men, if not above the temptations, at any rate, above the necessities of crime. It is true that day-schools have increased, evening classes have been generally established, teachers, books, every instrument of education, in fact, has been greatly improved. Only one thing seems to remain much where it was, or, at all events, has not risen proportionately with the advantages afforded it. We mean the interest felt in instruction by parents of the poorer children. Even where there is abundance of school accommodation at the cheapest rate in effective working, parents prefer to see their children playing in the streets and alleys rather than send them to learn order and decency, to say nothing of information, at school. Even in our large northern towns, where the taste for inquiring and the ambition to rise is supposed to be stranger than in the south, the number of children receiving no education whatever almost exceeds belief. What, then, is to be done in face of this state of things, coupled with the equally incontestable fact that more than three-fourths of our crime is committed by persons who can neither read nor write? "Never mind," we are told by the apostles of the "Laissez faire" system, "we must be content to wait—education can be promoted only by moral means." We should be equally disposed to trust to these moral means, if we saw any ground for such trust; but late years seem to have shown the futility of any such confidence. Here are the schools and teachers; there are the ignorant children to be taught; but to bring the two together seems to us beyond the power at present of moral influences—we may add, beyond every kind of influence short of State compulsion. Ignorant and vicious parents are not going to have their children made intelligent and virtuous, unless they are made to do so. We do not expect every one to agree with us in our conclusion, but it may at any rate be well to look at the different aspects of the question, and see whether in the imagined right of the British parent to bring up his child as stupid and brutish as he pleases there is that grandeur and usefulness of independence on which some people seem to set such high value.

The first question is, would such State interference be *justifiable*? We are not at all partial to paternal governments: we do not desire, generally speaking, to extend the functions of government much, if at all, beyond what they have been of late years; we have not the least wish to see Government undertake an elaborate system of State education administered by agents of its own. All that the present state of things seem to us to call for is the coercion of those who have no understanding or appreciation of education themselves, in behalf of the children, whom the State must contemplate as future citizens. Neither do we contend for such compulsion being more than temporary—a strong remedy applied to meet a present evil. One, or at most two generations, brought

necessarily under the influence of school, would not be likely to forget or neglect for their children the benefit they experienced themselves. The difficulty now consists in the many who do not feel, and (as we believe under the present system) never will feel, the slightest interest or appreciation of educational advantages; as the political economists say, the consumer is not a competent judge of the commodity; he is not, therefore, entitled to withhold the latter from those whom he brings into the world as subjects of laws, which, unless trained and softened by some sort of education, they are, it appears, almost certain to violate. It is surely monstrous to maintain that the duties of parents extend no further than to the supplying a bare maintenance for the bodies of their offspring; if this be all that Christian civilization insists on, it may well blush at a comparison with the political standard of a Pericles or an Aristotle. Some kind of compulsory education accordingly seems to us justifiable, because, the result being eminently desirable both for society and the individual, the means to such a result are not, as far as facts lead us to expect, likely to be attained at present in any other way.

The next question is, would such coercion be effective as well as justifiable? Here we cannot afford to go into the possible methods which Government might adopt to secure the education of every member of a family between certain ages. Public examinations would be one way. The requiring of a certificate, signed by a licensed schoolmaster, from each head of a family might supply another means. We do not conceive that there would be much real difficulty about the *method* of enforcing education if the *principle* were once adopted. There would be no more harshness in the imposition of a fine on the parent who had omitted to send his child to school than there is at present in his being punished for insufficiently supporting him or neglecting to have him vaccinated. No doubt, under the most stringent regulations some would contrive to evade the law and shirk the duty; but sufficient would be gained if the duty of mental instruction were once placed on the same footing as that of physical maintenance, and if neglect of the one were made as penal as that of the other. There are, of course, plenty of unregistered and unvaccinated children in the country, in spite of the laws enforcing these duties; similarly, were ignorance to be made penal, there would be doubtless a small percentage of ragged children, to whom the mysteries of the alphabet would still remain unrevealed; but just as, in spite of such exceptions, the general practice of vaccination has removed more than half of the evils of small-pox, it may be found that general, if not universal, education might exert a similar influence in the diminution of crime. The only serious bar to the effectiveness of such a system might seem to be offered by its assumed expensiveness. The exchange of a coarse and ignorant populace for orderly and intelligent subjects would appear to be worth purchasing at almost any cost; but we do not see that compulsory education need be much more expensive than the working of our present schools. When the number of scholars was trebled, the cost of teaching would not rise in proportion; the machinery in many schools nowadays is sufficient to educate a much larger number of pupils than are accommodated in them now. And even supposing that the State had to contribute more than the £800,000 which it bestows on education at present in aid of those necessarily unable to defray the cost of their children's instruction, its increased expenditure on this head, we may fairly hope, would be compensated before long by the decreasing sums to be spent on gaols and reformatories. There are other difficulties, we are aware, that might lie in the way of effective compulsion, but none, we are convinced, of such a magnitude as to create any misgivings about its ultimate success.

Still a scheme may be profitable, expedient, and have every chance of prospering, but if it were to produce permanent evil with only temporary good, few would be inclined to adopt, or even recommend it. It might be urged that such a measure would create an impression of tyranny on the part of the State toward the most helpless portion of its subjects. It is quite possible that this might be the case at first, just as some of the poor to this day regard the decennial census as a piece of inquisitorial tyranny only to be matched in Russia. But it cannot be seriously argued that the masses would long regard with such jealousy a system that in the end benefited them much, while it cost them little, which, if it deprived them for a time of the services of their children's labour, could not fail to improve the mind, character, and condition of their offspring, and give them the means of rising in the social scale. There are, we believe, few Government measures which, even if unpopular in the beginning, would so soon justify themselves in the eyes of the poor as the enforcing of education on those who neglect it now oftener from listlessness and despair than

from wilfulness or repugnance. Again, it might be contended with greater force that education is lowered by its being made compulsory, as religion must have been degraded by the old laws enforcing attendance on church; that those who now send their children to school on principle, and thus are benefited by the sense of acting from duty, would thenceforward regard instruction as a necessity to be complied with in deference to law. The value of education in itself would come to appear questionable if it required to be thrust on people by threats of punishment and fine. But it may be replied that, while no one denies that education sought for itself is a nobler thing than education sought under legal coercion, no one could maintain that the masses of a somewhat coarse-veined nation like our own would ever be likely to seek enlightenment for its own intrinsic beauty and value. If, therefore, great social results can only be reached through education, the latter must be brought about through the most effective, even if not the most sublime, motives. Coercion is not meant for those who do seek education for their children, but for those who do not; the former may still think just the same of their duty to afford its benefits to their offspring; the motive of necessity is only applied to those who are susceptible of nothing higher. The parallel of religion does not apply; forcing people to church is inexpedient and wrong, because an act of worship is nothing except it be spontaneous, whereas education has solid results apart altogether from the voluntariness or involuntariness of submitting to it on the part of the child or of the parent who sends him. So that, after all, this objection is of a somewhat sentimental sort. So far from the idea of education being lowered, we believe that the additional interest created by the State laying such stress upon its diffusion is calculated rather to exalt its value in the eyes of the nation. Things, perhaps, might have been better now if, till late years, the Legislature had not shown itself more sensitive about the possible dangers than the certain benefits of popular education.

We would gladly, if our space permitted, consider the momentous question from other points of view. But, in conclusion, we once more repeat that nothing is further from our desires than a system of State education on the Prussian system, enforced by pains and penalties; the highest advantages that could be produced by such a change would, to our mind, be more than counterbalanced by its tendency to produce a leaden uniformity, and to crush out that spirit of independence and variety which lies at the root of all healthy civilization. Let the education supplied be as various as the tastes and aims of those who seek it; let it be the product entirely of private enterprise, both on the part of the Church and of Dissent, and of bodies connected with no creed or sect. All that we contend for is, that under present circumstances some education be made *necessary* for every child in the United Kingdom; that misapplied conceptions of liberty should no longer be suffered to intervene between the State and its duties; in short, that legislation should at length clear England of the stigma cast upon it by its containing, with all its wealth and opportunities, the least instructed labouring population in Europe.

#### PATHOS AND BATHOS.

HERE, are two Greek words which might just as well have been English; but what they signify we never shall have again in plain English. Laughter and tears, sadness and joy, sunshine and shade—these, save that they suggest titles for Mr. Mudie's novels and for Surrey melodramas, would have answered nearly as well. Nearly, but not quite, for pathos signifies that which raises the feelings or passions, and is now restricted to the passion of sorrow; while bathos, which, duly construed, is merely depth, immensity, profundity, is not at all deep, immense, nor profound, but relates to that sharp and sudden step which one takes in turning from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is a step proverbially easy to be taken, and, indeed, so often made that in their times Swift and Pope wrote in the "Memoirs of Scriblerus," *HEPI BATHOS*, or the Art of Sinking in poetry, such a dissertation upon falseness, folly, and ignorance in style, that no young author, nor, indeed, hardly any reader, should let it be a sealed book to him.

Whatever may be the fault of the English, they are certainly not a hard-hearted race. Almost every audience that you can gather together loves to see something touching, and it is to be noted that almost all our great writers have been, and are, masters of the pathetic. We are not now speaking of those mere upholstery authors, Mrs. A, Miss B, and Mr. D, whose books have the run at Mudie's, and who merely describe City society, or clerical society, or the society of the War-office clerk and his delicious surroundings. We gallop through

those books merely for the plot, or perhaps for the talk which may be life-like and clever, or dull and as faithful to reality as an ugly photograph. Such books are read by a class which ignores pathos, and is too lazy to feel, or to be pleased with anything save an ill-natured "show up" of its neighbours. As Lord Lytton says of the "vulgar herd"—i.e., all the world which does not understand "Zanoni" and "The Mysteries"—"It was not meant for them;" so we may say that sublime and most blessed act of touching the sacred source of tears was not made for merely fashionable readers of the carpenter's-work novels that the popular authors turn out at the rate of nine volumes a year. But such books will not last, and are no more to be mentioned with those of Thackeray, or Dickens, or any other author of true genius, than a sign-painter is to be placed side by side with Michael Angelo. In the works of the two great authors mentioned, there is much true pathos, and always in the right place. Perhaps the most subtle is that of Thackeray, whose pictures of the death of Helen ("Pendennis"), and of the wandering of Emmy ("Vanity Fair") in her night-dress, with her husband's red sash tied, she knows not why, round her, are never to be read without tears, and seldom to be thought of without pain. Dickens is more genial, broader, and plenteous in this power. How many hundred times has he made us all "cover up our heads now, and have a good cry," as poor Hood, who was a master of pathos himself, has it? We have seen an audience in tears at the author's reading of Dr. Marigold, at the narration of poor Cheap Jack, who cannot protect his child from her mother's violence, because his intercession only makes her more cruel, and who therefore contents himself with walking on at the head of his old horse with the big tears rolling down his cheeks. Tears rolled down many cheeks, too, and stood in the author's eyes as the words came from his lips. By a hundred other narrations he has touched us, from where Oliver Twist runs away and kisses the little workhouse boy whom he shall never see again, to where brave Mark Tapley, in the Yankee wilderness of gloom and deadly fever, still holds bravely up, and writes "jolly" on a slate. By such touches the great master causes the climbing sorrow to rise to our throats, the *hysterica passio* of poor mad Lear, more suddenly and naturally than in his laboured descriptions, very charming though they be, of the death of Little Nell and of Paul Dombey. The water may rise and fall, and the wild waves whisper, to the dying boy; or the devoted girl may fade away in perhaps the most harmonious prose lately written; but the intention is perceived by the reader, and, the art being perceived, the effect is not great. Pathos does not lie in a set scene. When Lear raves over his daughter, we pity him; when he breaks down with the simple words, "And they have hanged my poor fool!" we weep with him. The power of the pathetic resides in simple touches: the sudden oath of Uncle Toby, the "he'll never march again, your honour," brings all the woman into the eyes of the manliest man; the song of Ophelia, "the poor soul sat sighing," touches us more than the ravings of Hamlet over her grave. In Schiller's "Robbers," says Coleridge, "the author sets fire to whole villages, outrages a convent, murders a whole community, to produce an effect. Shakespeare drops a handkerchief and does more." So in the Bible: in the history of Joseph, where he goes out to hide his face; the story of the prodigal son, with his sorrowful "I will arise"; the healing of the young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" the examples of the pathetic are told in the simplest, easiest way, without attempt at any fine diction. So, too, with Tennyson, in the great scene in the "Idyls," commencing with "Lieth thou there so low," the language is as plain as it is solemn and measured. In "Enoch Arden"—by the way, founded on an old Annual story, as is the same author's "Dora," on Miss Mitford's story of "Dora," in "Friendship's Offering" for 1827—the extreme pathos is only equalled by the extreme simplicity of the writing. There is no abuse of superlatives there. The tears begin to rise when one reads the noble resolve, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," until, when Enoch is awakened by sudden storm without, and the "loud calling of the sea" makes the sick man rise to—

"Spread his arms abroad,  
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved,' and so fell back and spake no more;"

then truly pathos has done its work, and the subtle art of the poet has softened and subdued our hearts until they melt in the sweet luxury of tears.

A taste for Bathos, the antithesis not properly of pathos, but of the sensible and the sublime as well as of the tender and true, Pope defined, with a grave comicality, to be "implanted by nature in the soul of man, till perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the

sublime." And he cites the examples of children, who love the bathetic, that is the big sounding, yelling, yowling, passionate words, just as Partridge, in "Tom Jones," thinks the man who acts the king in "Hamlet" a far finer actor than Garrick, because he talked louder, and strutted about, and looked bigger. Pope is really right in what he says. Uneducated minds do like big sounding phrases; and only modern burlesque, beginning with the most admirable and never-exceeded "Tom Thumb" of Henry Fielding, drove out such a taste—from the authors' books, that is, not out of the readers' admiration. The way to excel in bathos is not only to avoid common sense, the chief rule of Martinus Scriblerus, but also to take care to compare great things with small, and to make the hero bold, boastful, and impetuous:—

"Si forte reponis Achillem  
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis."

and to be careful to make a great preparation for a very little end. The base termination of a fish is always to be looked for when a master of bathos commences the picture of a Venus. Indeed, a comical incongruity is the very spirit of our present bathos; and the old advertisement, wherein the father appeals to his runaway eldest daughter, is a good illustration of it. "If," writes the sorrowful parent, "if Eliza wishes to banish herself for ever from our home and hearts, to cover her sisters with shame, and her brothers with despair, not to return to our bleeding bosoms and outstretched arms, but to slay her fond mother with a broken heart, and to bring down her father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, she is at least entreated, nay, she is implored—to send back the key of the tea-caddy!" Of this class, where a mighty coil is made about nothing, the ending being particularly small, is that modest request invented by Pope himself as an illustration:—

"Ye gods! annihilate both space and time  
To make two lovers happy."

And his fragment "On a Warrior," which is well known:—

"All hail, Dalhousie, thou great God of War,  
Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar."

But actual poetry is full of it. Shakespeare is accused by Ben Jonson of being bathetic in writing, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and the writer of the "Groves of Blarney" claims "Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar" as "blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore." In the porch to the burial ground where lies the great author Laurence Sterne, is a stone to the memory of a Lady Boyle, containing, perhaps, more bathos than any similar number of lines in the world. No effect of art could have produced it. The "defunct" is stated to have been "niece to the celebrated Burke, commonly called the Sublime and Beautiful," and to have been "devout, passionate, and deeply religious." She was musical, beautiful, and fond of cookery; and lastly, "she exhibited in the Royal Academy—also painted in water colours—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Sometimes affection is itself bathetic in expression. "Ah, wirra! wirra! why did ye die?" means sorrow from an Irish point of view, but is a nonsensical question. "That ever she should die! oh, most unkind, to die and leave poor Colinet behind!" is seriously written, yet it is the same. Sometimes that which is hyper-pathetic, which is really too deep for tears, appears to the superficial reader as full of bathos. Thus the simplicity of Wordsworth shocked Byron, and is mocked at by him and his imitator, Mr. Swinburne. Yet this in Wordsworth's "Lucy"—

"She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave—and, oh!  
The difference to me!"

is far beyond tears; it speaks not of a casual emotion, but of a settled, silent, enduring sorrow. Wordsworth's simplicity is now better understood, and one would go to Dryden's bombast and Blackmore's strained efforts for pathos rather than to his calm writings. Dryden trying to say too much, is, mighty as is his genius, a great sinner this way. In Fielding's notes to "Tom Thumb," a work worthy of reprint, but spoilt by a wretched farce-writer, Kane O'Hara, one may find many instances which the novelist has imitated. The king urges that the giantess is so perfect that she must have been formed by all the gods in council, and that at her birth the council paused and cried, "This is a woman!" But Dryden's earnestness is worse than Fielding's fun. In "All for Love," he says that one of his characters is

"So perfect, that the very gods who formed you wondered  
At their own skill, and cried 'A lucky hit!'"

This dealing with the designs of Providence, always foolish, often blasphemous, leads poets into immense follies. Blackmore, as Scriblerus pointed out, has made the Almighty into a painter, a wrestler, a recruiting officer, an attorney, and, lastly, a baker. The bare list makes one start with horror, but there is no mistake about it. We will be content with quoting the last. For our first parents, says the lumbering poet,—

"God in the wilderness his table spread,  
And in his airy ovens baked their bread."

Sir Richard, who wrote to the rumbling of his coach's wheels, had better have drugged his patients than have thus shocked his readers. But he is nothing to Mr. Swinburne, whose blasphemous bathos is wonderful to read; more wonderful because some critics have actually praised it as true poetry. Our young friend makes the gods executioners and jewellers. In his last book he asks,—

"Where, when the gods would be cruel,  
Do they go for a torture? Where  
Plant thorns—set pain like a jewel?  
Ah! not in the flesh; not there!"

Fine, is it not? but the old bathos is infinitely more amusing. Let us turn, therefore, to an alteration of Job's most sublime poetry to the baldest bathos. Job says of a war-horse who scenteth the battle afar off, that "his neck is clothed with thunder." The rhymster improves the occasion thus:—

"His eyeballs burn, he wounds the smoking plain,  
And knots of scarlet ribbon deck his mane."

Falstaff boasts that he has an "alacrity in sinking," but the bathetic poets surpass him. Unfortunately, we must tear away ourselves from them; they have done, and will, by strained phrases, hyperbole, a contrariety of images, and an utter confusion of ideas, do much to amuse and to disgust their readers. With them serpents are born of doves; from tigers lambs, as Horace puts it. Phrases which never ought to be used by dukes are put into the mouths of stable-boys; chambermaids talk more finely than queens, and ladies in Mayfair wed adverbs with adjectives, though every school-girl can see that there is just cause and impediment against the proceeding. The author of "A Casual Acquaintance," in ridiculing ladies who are not good equestrians becomes ridiculous herself. Their riding, she says, "is so deliciously shocking." We shall hear next of being "maliciously benevolent" and "murderously healing." But we have not space to enter into the bathetic of our women novelists. Some true artists have employed it recently as a powerful weapon. The authors of "Bon Gaultier," and the Rev. Mr. Barham, made great capital from intentional bathos; and Voltaire, in a bathetic incongruity, delivered some of his hardest hits. Thus Dr. Pangloss, in defending, demolishes Optimism; and Candide beholds that great people, the English, shoot an innocent and brave admiral—just to encourage the others. Voltaire's literary heir, Edmond About, has not forgotten the lesson set him. Here are two or three specimens of the bathetic which have had a greater effect than any argument could have. Speaking of those who obey the Pope, he says:—"That Church, which I greatly respect, consists of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of individuals—not counting little Mortara. It is governed by seventy cardinals, great and powerful Princes of the Church—in memory of the Twelve Apostles. The cardinals are nominated by the Pope, and the Pope is nominated by the cardinals; from the day of his election he becomes infallible—at least in the opinion of M. de Maistre." Here are three separate falls from great facts and heights, which plunge us into such vast and utterly incongruous depths, that the serious bathos exceeds any possible argument, and the strongest antagonist is knocked down even before he knows which weapon to select for his defence. We need not wonder at the effect of M. About's books.

#### MALVERN AND THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

LEAVING gay and fashionable Scarborough—our English Biarritz and Baden combined—and turning southward to mid-land Malvern, to exchange the salt water for the fresh, the expanse of ocean for the sea-like stretch of champagne country, we found the metropolis of the water-cure filled to overflowing and running over, like its tumblers of pure, sparkling, effervescent water from St. Anne's and the Holy Well, or those hundred-and-one springs that bubble on all sides of the pleasant Malvern hills. The water was brighter than the weather, which was as cold, cheerless, and ungenial, as any tourist or holiday-maker might meet with in misty Skye among the cloud-compelling "Coolins." From the 28th of August incessant down-

pours of tropical rain, relieved by fitful outbursts of delusive sunshine, had soaked the ground but not damped the visitors, who continued to arrive at Malvern by every train, and to disperse in the steaming wet in search of lodgings. As the barometer fell with the outdoor rain, the charges for bed and board appeared to rise. Malvern is a pleasant place, and like many other pleasant places has changed considerably with time. The donkey, however, still holds his ground there. He is still to be hired and ridden up and down the Beacon's zig-zag; he is still capable, under excursionists' pressure, of making from ten to twelve ascents in one day, a distance equal to a journey of upwards of thirty miles. But the much-enduring beast, though girt with the glory and the trappings of former years, seems to us to have lost much of his previous distinctive character. He no longer pauses in his excelsior career to make those points at the landscape that served the purpose of a guide-book in directing the rider's attention to special views of the panorama before and beneath him. Perhaps this hurrying age has driven it all out of him, and he may be aware that, to the non-æsthetic mind of the cheap excursionist, the great matter is to get to the cake-sellers on the top of the hill, and not to waste time on the way thither. Perhaps the donkeys have become somewhat plebeianized since those halcyon days when the good Queen Dowager rode up the hill on the back of a certain asinine "Moses," and, at its owner's request, allowed it to bear the prefix of "Royal"—a circumstance at which Douglas Jerrold waxed witty after his fashion, drawing therefrom a stinging lesson on the bestowal of "handles" and titular dignities on biped donkeys. The old original "Royal Moses" was soon ridden off his legs by the undue zeal of loyal visitors, but his name is still borne on the frontlet of many of his successors, who cannot claim kinship with the illustrious "Moses" of Queen Adelaide.

Certainly, Malvern has wondrously altered the last ten years, whether for better or worse, must depend on individual idiosyncracies. The railway is undoubtedly a great convenience to the place; but, although so handy for conveying the Festival visitors to and from the Faithful City, on the other hand, it affords hebdomadal, if not daily, opportunities for strong bodies of excursionists from the Black Country, and elsewhere, who spread like locusts over the place, and, like locusts, eat as they go, chiefly, however, pasturing on heavy pork-pies, and mysterious liquids and solids produced out of stone bottles and penny newspapers, and affably consumed in the most public places. Still, despite the cheap excursionists, the railway has done its full share to popularize Malvern to a paying class, as is evidenced not only by its two railway hotels, added to the existing accommodation at the Foley Arms, the Bellevue, the Abbey, and the later Beauchamp; but also by the sudden upgrowth of detached and semi-detached villas, and rows of goodly terraces, where, but a few years ago, the cattle were feeding in the green fields, and the Malvern College had not added its stately building to the architectural attractions of the scene. These pleasant lodging-houses, with their pretty gardens and shady verandahs, and their outlook on the picturesque landscape, and the sharp slope of the hills, have been more than ever in demand during the past week from so many visitors to the Worcester Festival having preferred to combine and sojourn at Malvern with their enjoyment of sacred or secular music at the morning oratorios in the Cathedral, or the evening concerts in the College-hall—not forgetting, too, that Festival Ball at the Guildhall, where the dance-inspiring strains of Coote's band will have barely ceased ere these columns are sent forth to our readers. At Festival time, the railway is an invaluable adjunct to Malvern, and gives the visitor, on his twenty-minute transit to and from the Faithful City, a peep at the lovely Teme scenery, and the hop-yards at Braces-Leigh and Bransford. There are many other hop-yards within a walk of Malvern, and those at Mathon are of great repute; but visitors should beware of making too close an inspection of hop-picking, as they will find the disagreeable ceremony of "cribbing" to be both expensive to their purse, and destructive to their clothes; besides which, it is not pleasant to be kissed by coarse women from the pit districts. The visitor to Malvern is a visitor to a noun of multitude, signifying many; for there is Great Malvern and Little Malvern, North Malvern and West Malvern, Malvern Link, and Malvern Wells. The Wells is the spot for old fashion; and we have known how beneficial a winter residence there has proved to invalids, especially those who suffer from asthma, and chest disease. For our own part, we prefer North and West Malvern as places of residence, as we think that the view of the tumbled-up country on the Welsh and Herefordshire side of the hills is far superior to that of the plain country on the Worcestershire side, bounded by the Cotswold and Bredon. Great Malvern, however, is the "head-

centre," especially for shops; but, although there are good shops, and although Lamb's emporium is a host (or flock) in itself, yet, on the whole, Malvern cannot rival many other watering-places in the attractiveness of its shop-fronts for the window loungers. But we do not regard this as a serious drawback to the place, because Worcester—a capital city for shopping—is close at hand, and Leamington and Cheltenham are within easy reach.

The water-cure has done almost as much as the hills to give Malvern a character of its own. Perhaps the water-cure is as old as the hills; at any rate, according to Charles Lamb, it is as old as the Deluge, which, said he, "killed many more than it cured;" and Martin found it in practice in the outer Hebrides in 1703, and Dr. Browne in 1707 wrote of its cures at Tunbridge and elsewhere; and many others, in various ages, confirmed the wise saying of Thales, that water was the best thing for everybody. Thousands have formed the acquaintance of Malvern through the medium of its water-cure; and the palaces of the various water-doctors—Gully, Wilson, Grindrod, Stummes, and Johnson—are not only useful but ornamental also, and attest to the flourishing condition of the system. What share the hill-walks, the fresh air, the pure water, the regular living, the plain joints, and the cheerful society may have in the process of the cure, we are not in a position to state; though we will not begrudge the water-doctors the honours claimed for their various systems of treatment in the works issued under their respective names. Lord Lytton, too, wrote a vigorous pamphlet in their praise; and the lively author of "Three Weeks in Wet Sheets," and Mr. Lane, in his "Spirits and Water" and "Life at the Water Cure," have added their testimony to the sanative effects of the Malvern water.

After all, the great attraction of Malvern lies in its hills; not that they are so very lofty,—for the Worcestershire Beacon is only 1,444 feet above the sea level,—but that they are more mountainous than many mountains, from the circumstance that they rise up sharply from the plain. Their outline is also picturesque in the extreme, whether seen from near, or from that distant view which the youthful Lord Byron took of them from his window at Cheltenham, pronouncing them to be "mountains in miniature," and regarding them "with a sensation which he could not describe." Macaulay's *Armada* ballad tells us how the Malvern beacon-fire was seen from "twelve fair counties," and which must have been far more successful than the beacon-fire of 1856, which, although stated to be "distinctly seen" by watchers on Snowdon, was, as we can testify, invisible to watchers at Worcester, chiefly because a fierce wind blew the flames and the pitchy smoke in the direction of Mathon. Its successor, on March 10, 1863, was far more successful. The chief thing lacking in the view from the summit of the Malvern hills is water; "the Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death," is almost invisible; the course of the Teme can only be traced by its willows, whose straight branches are so useful for hop-poles; and though the gleam of the Bristol Channel is pointed out on a clear day, it is nothing more than the widening spread of the Severn. But what the view lacks in water is amply made up in the variety of its landscape. For our own part we prefer it when the hawthorn, cherry, and apple blossom have spread their snows amid the emerald verdure of spring; but present visitors to Malvern and the Worcester Festival can rejoice in the fruit in place of the blossom, in the crimsoning tints of the cherry orchards, and in the luxuriant and graceful beauty of the hop-yards. Take it for all in all, Malvern is a very pleasant spot for the health-seeker or holiday-maker, as well as a convenient resting-place for the visitors to the Worcester Musical Festival. It may be objected to by some, by the way, that this should have begun with the "Dettingen Te Deum" and the "Creation," and have ended with a *galope* and "Sir Roger de Coverley." But, then, it has also been objected to the popular marriage-service, that it begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement." And if it be found necessary at such festivals as these to combine the sacred and secular in a miscellaneous hodge-podge, we may flatter ourselves with the appropriateness of the close of this one hundred and forty-third meeting of the Three Choirs, in the remembrance that the original Sir Roger de Coverley was a Worcestershire squire.

#### ARMED CAP-À-PIE.

THERE is no question which more puzzles an intending tourist than the inquiry which constantly recurs to his mind, "What shall I take?" When he has come to some conclusion, and the time for packing draws near, he discovers that

the haunting question takes another form, and becomes "What shall I leave behind?" It is amusing to take observations of the knapsacks one meets on a walking tour. One man staggers along under a kit such as would make a Zouave or an Austrian foot-guardsman fall-out in half an hour, and we may be sure that he is a man who likes to have his guide-books with him, for reference and comparison, and come down *en grande toilette* to the late *table-d'hôte*. Most likely he has scientific instruments in his swelling knapsack, and an elaborate apparatus of drawing-block and pencils, and possibly a box of water-colours. Another bears an attenuated *sac*, and shows in his person those unmistakable signs of chronic dirt and toozle which point out the man who thinks a change unnecessary, and sees no good in burdening himself with a hairbrush. This is the sort of person who comes to dinner, and sits between two English ladies, with his shrunk-flannel coat flying open and betraying the absence of collar or tie. If his *sac* could be investigated, it would be found to contain a bit of soap screwed up in paper, a comb, an odd stocking, and perhaps a spare waistcoat, with an antiquated pair of slippers, and little else. How to hit the true mean between overloading with things not necessary, and omitting things which in propriety ought to be considered necessary, is a difficult point, only determined after some sad experiences, perhaps just when stiffening muscles and home cares and other outlets for spare money put an end for ever to the quondam pedestrian's career.

An inexperienced and enthusiastic young gentleman, setting forth for a fortnight's excursion on foot in Scotland, was beguiled by the accounts he had heard of the hospitality of the upper classes in that country, into taking with him a full dress suite, in order that he might with propriety accept the numerous invitations to dinner he anticipated. This made all the difference between a knapsack alone and a knapsack supplemented by a portmanteau, and as the unfortunate young man paid hotel bills for every article of food he consumed from the moment of leaving the paternal roof, he learned a lesson in connection with extra luggage which he probably remembered for some time. So far as clothes go, it is important to carry in the knapsack a thin dark coat, made without lining in order that it may not occupy much room, and constructed of flannel or very thin cloth. With this a waistcoat and trousers of dark flannel should be packed, and that will be found enough for all purposes of change, and for respectability of appearance in the most civilized districts. The regular clothing worn in walking should be flannel throughout, linings, back of waistcoat, band of trousers and everything. It is impossible to overrate the comfort which results from this small precaution in connection with the waistcoat and trousers. When a hot morning's work has been done, and the tourist sits down to rest and do a little in the way of *Mitagsessen*, the cold clinging effect of a calico back and a linen band is exceedingly unpleasant after the bodily warmth has subsided a little, and it not unfrequently happens that these parts of the pedestrian's clothing are always cold and wet even on the next morning. It is almost unnecessary to urge the immense advantage of walking in knickerbockers, whereby the weary drag of trousers at the knee is entirely avoided, and also all the unpleasant dragging and wet which are the consequences of walking in trousers on bad roads. The man who wears knickerbockers on a hot day must look out for horse-flies on the shady side of his legs. This coat, waistcoat, and knickerbockers should not be too thin, for cold is to be provided for as well as heat. If the coat is too warm for a very hot day, take it off and strap it on the knapsack. When cold work has to be faced, put on both waistcoats, and for such occasions be provided with a long warm woollen wrap for the neck. The stockings can hardly be too thick and soft, and this is a point of most serious importance, as every foot traveller knows by experience. The thin hard socks or stockings in which some men walk "for coolness" sake are the most abominable blister-machines conceivable. Thick dark brown worsted stockings wear well, and protect the feet, and two pairs of these, if possible, should be carried in the knapsack, besides the pair in use. Leggings of Volunteer pattern, made of stout leather, should be strapped on the top of the knapsack, and for snow walking, a pair of short woollen garters for the ankle will be required in addition. If the tourist will take the trouble to put a pair of neat grey long stockings in his knapsack, he will find them the greatest luxury possible after a long walk; they look remarkably neat and cool during the evening, worn with knickerbockers, and are accepted as sufficiently dress for any society that may be collected for the night at a Swiss hotel. For wearing on all such occasions there is nothing like cloth boots, made of stout,

ordinary cloth, with a single sole and a low-sized heel. They rest the feet more than any other kind of shoe, serve for wearing in a room with knickerbockers, and are sufficiently strong for walking about the streets of a town or on the road in the neighbourhood of a country inn, in the cool of the evening. The thin slippers which are usually carried by pedestrians are of no use out-of-doors. Cloth boots, such as those described, supplement well the one pair of walking-boots to which a man who carries his own pack will find, in course of time, that he must restrict himself. Most men begin by carrying a spare pair of walking-boots, but very few continue the practice. Get a pair of boots from a really good maker, with double sole, and with a long (not high) and broad heel—a point on which more depends than most walkers and shoemakers are aware of—and trust to these lasting out. The question of nails is fiercely fought. The no-nail faction seems to have the best of it; those, that is, who hold that steel springs put in to protect the surface of the sole, and very slightly projecting, for holding purposes, are all that is necessary for ordinary walking. When climbing is commenced, then it is time enough to have a few nails driven in at the important points of the foot, the toe, the middle of each side, and the back and corners of the heel. For under-clothing, two flannel shirts, one on and one off, are sufficient, as the Continental hotels have washing going on all night, and if you put out a shirt with your boots in the evening, it will come back next morning in time to take the place of the other in the knapsack. Stockings are liable to wear into holes, and so three pairs of walking-stockings are almost necessary. It is a favourite idea to recommend the tourist to carry a linen shirt, or even two, for putting on after a long day's walk, and the cool delight of such a change is spoken of with rapture. But so many find themselves chilly in the evening after great exertions, especially as they are obliged to carry only very light clothing, that a change from one flannel shirt to another is very much more advisable than the use of cold linen. As to the more decorative parts of the tourist's attire, every one can find room for three or four collars, and though the foreign washing has a way of making collars look as if they were made of canvas, still even in that disguise they look clean and neat. If a man will so far do sacrifice to the refinements of life as to burden himself with a couple of pair of linen wristbands, to attach to the sleeves of his flannel shirt before proceeding to the *table-d'hôte*, he will probably not regret it. Taste in hats is of so capricious a character, that it would be pretty nearly as useful to give a general description of the sort of wife men should have as of the sort of hat. What the other itinerary requirements are we may mention at a future date, but the traveller who is armed to the extent we have indicated, will find he can put his trust in his knapsack, without its failing him on any material occasion, or breaking his back under any necessary contingencies of the road.

#### PRETTY ACTRESSES.

THE classic taste for burlesque which has been so sedulously cultivated has given rise to a set of performers who can lay claim to being original and primitive upon more grounds than one. That the species always existed we have sufficient evidence, but its developments take so strong and decided a part in the modern shape that, except in wide lines, we cannot assume that the parent is altogether represented by the offspring. There are, of course, points of resemblance, but they are few, and not at all of a character to be particularized. Some of them we may touch upon, but others do not admit of disquisition. Without recalling the "palmy days of the drama" to give an authority to the opinion, we are inclined to believe that there never was a time in the history of the stage when our actresses exposed themselves so much beyond the degree required for the honest purposes of their art as the present. The female gentlemen of our burlesques display themselves in a fashion which indicates the level to which the profession has fallen, and the manner in which their saucy attitudes are applauded serves to show that they have indeed succeeded in making the taste by which they are enjoyed. When a famous French novelist habitually dressed in a coat and trousers, it was said of her that the disguise would have been complete if she had only been a little more modest; and when a young lady now struts her plantation dance, wriggles the jockey step, or flings the sailor's hornpipe, one is tempted to indulge in the reflection that the representations would be the more perfect for about as much reserve as would render them decent. It is not much for us to boast that our dialogues are free from the brutalities of Wycherly or Vanbrugh, if we

supplement street music with gestures systematically unchaste, and encourage women as undraped as acrobats, to illustrate by their deportment quite as much immodesty as would season a comedy of the old school. The costumes worn by actresses in our burlesques are evidently designed without the least affectation even of coquetry. The singing chambermaid, with her apron and front pockets, moves in a legitimate circle of influence: her nods and winks are fair business; she uses a woman's grace to enlist our sympathies in her part, and perhaps slightly in her own prettiness; but it is quite another matter when she wears her pockets differently, when there is nothing for the sex to retire into, and when with an impudent daring she upsets at a strut every notion we might have had of that feminine sense which ought to distinguish a lady. It is a bad feature in the pretty actress, too, that in many cases, not only does she look to the gallery for applause, but she may occasionally be detected ogling a side-box in which the occupant is carefully retired. We are not in the least concerned for the special repute of actresses; they have quite enough of advocates in the press. The critics have exhausted the epithets of praise upon them. Funny writers are funnily complimentary; writers the reverse of comic are solemnly tender with them—lugubriously affectionate. What the amount of virtue amongst them may be, we have no way of determining, and a great deal of private virtue is quite compatible with the degraded viciousness of a branch of art; still, the actresses are, beyond a doubt, spoiled into a style of exhibition which places them on the very confines which divide the pure from the impure, and if they chose to play there, it can do them no harm to learn the exact position they have been induced to assume. It is possible we may be reminded of the "Garter" motto; but there is little faith nowadays in the guilelessness of White Quakers, or in the flimsy reasons behind which any other form of impudence disrobes. Stage Dianas may regard their Greek and natural integuments as quite consistent with the accepted reputation of the goddess, and in doing so may loop up a single garment until it as nearly as possible defeats the object of a garment altogether; but they must be prepared to have a second interpretation placed upon the mode in which the cold divinity is personified. We have seen a feminine Apollo within a few inches of being Belvidere, and a female Jupiter who could, with a slight change, have appeared as Menken. In fact, heathendom histrionically sets its face and legs against the innovation of clothing to within a tunic such as Mrs. Leo Hunter proposed to adopt, and such as Mr. Leo Hunter incontinently objected to. Even this tunic is being curtailed, and is following the wake of the bonnet of ordinary life. When the part demands a long gown, the invariable rule now followed in such a distressing case of obstructed talent, is to have the gown tucked to the knee at one side at least, and the stratagems by which that side is kept towards the audience proves how genius, even when trammelled, is able to take advantage of any little chance for the employment of its choicest accomplishments.

But it is not on the stage alone that our pretty actresses figure so attractively. Colley Cibber regretted the exigency of the dramatic calling by which the instant graces of the player were lost to the world; but he knew nothing of photography, or of the camera sort of graces which the lady performers of our time are secure of transmitting to posterity. You may buy their portraits exactly as you have seen them perform. If there is a slight difference, the difference gives you the benefit of more than you noticed behind the footlights. The pretty actresses are fast driving the pets of the ballet to a desperate rivalry of attitudes. In truth, they have already done as much for the *carte* shops as English dancers, and it is only the Frenchwomen who can beat them on their own ground, and, we must admit, give them odds. Nor are you left in the dark, having paid your shilling, as to the identity of the lady whose picture you may purchase. Not only do you get her name, but you are presented with the familiar diminutive by which she chooses to be set down in the bills. Our pretty actresses desire to linger in the memory of the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent, by those mincing names which denote cordiality and acquaintance. Once or twice a year an opportunity is taken of rendering this cordiality almost intimate; for the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent, are invited to a bazaar, and at a small outlay can speak with the deities, and stare at them to their eyes' content. So that there is no reticence whatever on the part of the pretty actresses. Easy on the stage, free and easy in the *cartes*, liberal of their fascinations at special fêtes, we cannot determine where this generosity will cease. We shall not imitate Matthew Prynne, and hint that the rinderpest or the cholera are judgments for the airiness and vivacity of those theatrical ladies, nor do we think any worse will come of their vulgarizing a noble profession than the fact itself of

their debasing it; but the public will discover this in time, and the genuine artists will get to the front. Women are by their nature fitted for the stage; but they are best fitted for it as women, not as improbable boys, or other questionable non-descripts. Female beauty, archness, and mobility, can all be diverted into decorous and amusing channels, without being pressed into competition with that impudence whose professional exponents had once a gallery set apart in our playhouses. We perhaps owe all this to the introduction of spectacle; but there is a sort of crave for it now which must be regarded from every point of view as deplorable. The practice is imitated in a clumsier style at certain music-halls, and no entertainment in London appears to be complete without whole troops of young girls who cannot be intended for anything but exhibition, inasmuch as they have no idea whatever of dancing. The idiotic gambols in which they keep time to the music are painful to witness. A thick-ankled Taglioni flouncing heavily twice, and then, with immense and evident exertion, sustaining herself on one leg; or a would-be Cerito coming out with a flip-flap and a course of hops, and then running away with the grace of a Cochin-China fowl: such is the style of the modern ballet as encouraged at the singing-taverns. The partners who engage in figures with these brilliant performers are got up like our pretty actresses, and never venture a jacket longer than that of a coastguard man. However, they are unable, in consequence of the law, to become quite as Olympian as the latter. Their diversions are limited to dumb-show, but they make the most of the opportunities within their reach. It is really a pity to prevent them from emphasizing their sportiveness with the slang choruses and dialogues of the burlesque. As far as intellect, refinement, or decency is concerned, there is no distinction between what they do and what the pretty actresses do. Both contribute the same degree of moral entertainment to the minds of their respective audiences. Both are encouraged by similar expressions of approval and gratification. The appetite fed by managerial enterprise at the theatres, is identical with that which the music-hall proprietors endeavour to satisfy. To be assured of this we have only to watch the old boy, well padded and preserved, with his rheumy eyes fixed on the stage while Diana exhorts her attendant nymphs, and compare the pious and intelligent expression of his countenance with that of an honest old mechanic or shopkeeper who is making a night of it at a music-hall, and rapping his dingy knuckles on the beer-damp tables while the *première danseuse* shakes her toe on a level with the top of his head.

Our remarks do not admit of a moral or a tag. The stage, we have no doubt, will right itself, for if it does not only one result can ensue from the continuance of the present wardrobe management. Little by little the dresses will vanish, until at length we shall have reached a consummation when the dramatic mirror will be held up, if not to reflect nature, to reflect at least a state of nature.

#### SKYEY INFLUENCES.

COULD any one but a stoic sit in his library, be it in town or country, and look out upon the drizzling, pouring—sometimes lashing—rain which has fallen during the past fortnight, without feeling, to some extent at least, depressed at the perversely unseasonable weather with which our English autumn has been ushered in this year? Can any one read in the papers that melancholy column devoted to an account of its effects on the crops—how the full grain is suffering—what disastrous floods are threatened—how low the barometer remains—how high the waters are rising—how the clouds hung in so dense and black a mass over the neighbourhood of Leeds, that they turned day into night—how the gales have here and there risen into fury, rendering ordinary sea-passage unsafe, and doing woful damage to the shipping; who can peruse these details even in his club smoking-room without a certain sense of discomfort which deprives the evening weed of half its solace? Then, compare the effects of being wakened on a bright September morning by the sun streaming in between the window curtains—the *élan* with which one springs from drowsiness into active life, whether for work or pleasure, the genial influences of even smell and sound which accompany fine weather—compare these with the dismal down-heartedness which any man who is not a mere machine must necessarily feel when he looks out over his shaving tackle at a leaden sky, gurgling water-shoots, sloppy mud, mackintosh-clad men, and reeking horses.

It is difficult to say whether this state of things is more unbearable in town or country. At the squire's seat, may be, with a good billiard-table in the house, a late breakfast, a

dawdling luncheon, an unexceptionable cellar, and say half a dozen agreeable women to talk to by turn, time might pass pleasantly enough; but even supposing such a rare combination of *solatia*, who would remain content with them long in the absence of good weather? One cannot be always knocking about ivory balls over green cloth (has any one ever tried to realize in its intensity the moral force of a billiard-marker's mission?). Grouse and salmon are good eating; but who has an appetite without air and exercise? It takes a deal of alcohol—and there is alcohol even in the most venerable port—to qualify that deluge of water which is falling round us on every side. The damp atmosphere—combined, perhaps, with that stimulant, may renew certain twinges in his honour's leg which are not likely to improve his temper as a host; and as for the young ladies, shall we ungallantly ask with Thackeray, in his "Age of Wisdom" song:—

"— Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow and wearisome, ere  
Ever a month had passed away?"

Alas! even bright eyes don't always compensate us for sunshine, and the merriest prattle is sometimes lost in the howl of wind and pattering of rain.

In London the case is still worse. It is dull enough to remain indoors, and, as we look up from work, watch the large, melancholy drops chasing each other down the window panes, with a background of damp drab-coloured brick or weather-stained stucco presented by our opposite neighbour's house. But to go out in such rain as we have had of late is absolute misery. If you walk, of course, you are drenched through in five minutes; and as for waterproof coats and leather leggings, no one but a postman or a misanthrope would dare to appear in such a costume. Hail an omnibus, and spring, if you can, without falling, from the wet, slippery step into the centre of the vehicle. The centre did we say? Of course, it is full, and you have to scramble and push your way up to the furthest end, for passengers always regard the last fare as an interloper, and put him to as much inconvenience as possible. There you take your seat—the windows are sure to be closed—amidst a perfume of damp coats, mouldy straw, and—let us not make the worst of it—perhaps, peppermint lozenges, which the short-winded old lady, who keeps her reeking umbrella close to your knees, is nibbling. Or call a cab, and take your choice between the smell of stale tobacco and that intermittent shower-bath which finds its way through the windows of even a "four-wheeler." The driver is sure to ask for double his fare, because it is "such a wet night, your honour," albeit we never yet heard of a cabman who remitted any portion of his charge for an opposite reason. You may, of course, ring, and order your own brougham—if you have one; but who that has any regard for his own horses, his coach-builder's little account "To repairs, &c.," or the feelings—not to mention the livery—of that respected charioteer, John Thomas, would care to do so when it is "pouring cats and dogs," and the streets are slushy with mire?

No; London is a cheerful place enough under certain aspects, and even out of the season, but in rain and cloud, decidedly not. It is said that there are more English suicides in November than at any other time of the year; and, indeed, one can scarcely imagine any condition of melancholy madness which would not be aggravated by bad weather. Unscientific people are apt to divide all human disorders into two distinct classes—mental and physical—as if the brain and its functions were not subject to the same kind of material influences which operate on the rest of the body. But if we once conceive thought as the result of organic action, more or less perfect—just as digestion may be good or bad, according to the condition of the stomach and liver—then it is easy to see how the state of the weather may absolutely and directly act upon our spirits. A well-constituted mind, the moralist would perhaps tell us, ought to take one and the same view of life and its obligations—hopes, pleasures, trials, and misfortunes, whether the sun shines or not. He might with equal truth say that well-constituted lungs ought to breathe as easily in the stifling atmosphere of a crowded factory as on top of the Welsh hills. There are people who look with complacency on driving sleet and lowering clouds. There are people who manage to preserve their health while practising the most noxious trades. But these are rare exceptions to a general rule, and a man ought no more to be blamed for feeling the effect of an untoward condition of atmosphere in his head than on his chest.

The various seasons have, from time immemorial, been associated, both metaphorically and in fact, with the moral sensibilities of human nature. The most prosaic mind can hardly fail to recognise the analogy which exists between the

new birth of spring, with its returning vegetation and early promise of future fruit,—between this welcome and annually-renewed pledge of recurrent time and that “hope which springs eternal in the human breast.” By youth, spring is instinctively hailed with pleasure. There is a natural sympathy between the free, unfettered thought and aspirations which belong to early boyhood and the healthy, vigorous budding forth of leaves and flowers. Even old age is cheered and heart-lightened by the return of spring. It is a smiling, jocund time, “Verni ridet dies,”—a season to put every one in good temper. The heat of summer brings with it a moral as well as a physical lassitude. It would be a curious subject for statistics—the possible relations of crime with, dare we say, *weather* or season? And yet their connection need not necessarily be fanciful nor far-fetched. We know quite well that national characteristics do substantially vary with latitude and climate. We know that Oriental life does actually tend towards a voluptuous languor, even in those who are not “to the manner born.” It is beyond dispute that the Scotchman is more industrious than the Italian; that drunkenness prevails more in the North than the South of Europe; that mountaineers are generally of a much less gloomy turn of mind than the inhabitants of a valley. The hypothesis, then, that the state of the weather in any country may have some sort of influence, however indirect, on individual thoughts and actions, is not so improbable but that it may deserve some consideration.

The violent winds and rain which have prevailed during the past fortnight will have sorely tried the temper of many an honest tourist whose holiday is limited, who can only get away from work at this time of the year, and who may have been compelled to pass more than one well-grudged morning boxed up in the parlour of a rural inn, when he ought to have been striding over the open country. Hundreds of “outside” passengers must have arrived damp and dreary at their journey’s end among the Welsh hills and the far north of Scotland. For the sake of these and all others who may be spending their vacation within reach of the late ungenial weather, we sincerely hope that September may end more brightly than it has begun.

#### FENIANA.

It is a remarkable fact that until Stephens, the Fenian Head-centre escaped from Ireland there were none of those isolated and desperate assaults upon “informers” and policemen which afterwards occurred. Some observers regarded these outbreaks as symptoms of a disintegration of the conspiracy; for it had been rumoured that the “Head-centre” had given strict commands against the perpetration of such deeds. When the authority which kept the organization together was disobeyed, it was naturally supposed that the organization was falling to pieces. However, this seems to have been an error; or, at least, if it were true at first, it would appear that the escape of their chief and his triumphant reception in the United States combined to strengthen the loosened bands of the “brethren.” It is a fact, as shown by the recent court-martials, that even up to a late date, emissaries were “swearing in” new members; even whilst the judges were pronouncing heavy sentences on some of the “brethren,” others were actively at work, and venturing with incredible audacity to sap the allegiance of the uniformed servants of the State themselves. The records of the court-martials reveal that they had worked not altogether without success in a few cases. But it surprised some close observers to note that such cases were not universal. The first man tried by court-martial, and by it sentenced to be shot (the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, by the Queen), was Sergeant-major Darragh. He was proved to have held a high command in the Fenian society, and to have justified the trust reposed in him by his illegal superiors, by the activity and success of his proselytizing efforts. Now, the point to which we wish to draw attention is, that this man was an avowed Orangeman—he was a person of some consequence in the “Dalgeny Lodge,” as he himself disclosed upon his trial. This fact corroborates the statement of a gentleman who, a year ago, informed us, in reply to a question, that he had heard there were Orangemen involved in the association and “cart-loads of Protestants.” It was also remarked, that when an American “sympathizer,” in the course of some of his observations, said that they would “receive back the Orangemen themselves, even as Christ pardoned the sinners,” the Irish organ of the Fenians (since suppressed) took him to task and administered a severe rebuke. Besides, it was quite clear that they were rather pleased than

otherwise at the spirit of antagonism displayed towards them by the Roman Catholic clergy. They did not hesitate to record their most acrid denunciations in a conspicuous corner of their paper, and took care that correspondents who reported cases of clerical denunciations, even in the most obscure chapels, should figure in all the glory of print. Their object was largely to ingratiate themselves with the Protestant portion of the population, especially in the Northern province; and they boasted that every denunciation brought them in adherents. One of their principal personages had been a Presbyterian minister, just as one of the Canadian captives is a Protestant clergyman. Add to this, that some of the most bitterly sarcastic articles which appeared in their paper were devoted to ridiculing the retention of old Irish titles, such as the prefix “the” before the surname. O’Connell was treated with contumely, and the “Catholic Relief Act,” otherwise known as the “Emancipation Act,” was charged with having made the condition of the mass of the people worse, because it admitted to “place” respectable Catholics, whose interests were thus dis severed from those of the poorer classes. We have brought these facts into prominence in order that it may be understood that the conspiracy is not that of religionists, nor yet that of nationalists. “The cause of Republicanism is dearer to me than Ireland” are words attributed to the (now fallen) Irish-American Head-centre and “President,” John O’Mahony. They give a clue to the meaning of the movement. Local colouring it may receive, but that is to be expected, and we must only guard against being deceived by it, in our analysis. It must not be overlooked that the intercourse between Ireland and America has been continuous and close. Grattan, and other speakers in the Irish Parliament, sympathized with the colonists in their attempt to establish their independence. Several of those who signed the “Declaration of Independence” were natives of Ireland; the only name which has the owner’s place of residence attached was that of “Carrol of Carroltown.” When he attached his name he was told that, fortunately for him, there were so many Carrols in Maryland that he might escape, in any event. He immediately took up the pen again and added his place of residence, in order that there might be “no mistake.” The Irish boast of the act of their fellow-countryman. Then, again, there was a society, formed chiefly of refugees and emigrants from Ulster, termed the “Friendly Sons of St. Patrick”—which advanced large sums to speed the cause of their adopted country. Washington was an honorary member of this society. Since that time to the present the stream of emigration has increased to the dimensions of a flood, unparalleled in intensity. Composed chiefly of persons from the southern provinces, it has changed the character of the emigrated colony and caused it to assume a new aspect. Formerly, so long as the emigration was chiefly confined to Ulster it was republican in its political appearance, and Protestant or Presbyterian, viewed religiously—modified, however, by theist opinions popularized by the French Revolution. Until that epoch the emigration from the three southern provinces had been the emigration of officers and soldiers or recruits, to France and Spain. The “Wild Geese,” as they were called, have left in both countries the names of MacMahon and O’Donnell to remember them by. After the exiles caused by our wars with the native chiefs, the first wave of emigration was forced out towards the Continent by the confiscations which ensued on the deposition of James the Second. The second wave of emigration had its rise in the conduct of the forty-shilling freeholders, who voted against their landlords, in the agitation which preceded the passing of the “Catholic Relief Act.” Heretofore landlords had encouraged small settlers on their estates, in order to increase their own influence at elections. When the freeholders were invoked, in the name of their consciences, to vote for O’Connell and his friends, they did so. And then O’Connell consented, in order to get “emancipation,” to sacrifice these hapless supporters to the hostility of their former protectors. They were disfranchised. As they were thenceforth useless as a political lever, and perhaps not very profitable otherwise, evictions began. The famine precipitated matters, and thus the third great emigration wave went forth. The disbandment of *La Légion Irlandaise* by Napoleon, through the kind offices of Castlereagh, averted all thoughts of emigration from the Continent. The vast field of labour opened in America, by the rapid development of its resources, attracted them. Those who went and failed, concealed their failure; those who succeeded, sent home tokens of their golden harvest with such fidelity, that during a space of nine years some twelve millions sterling have been remitted to the old country by Irish emigrants abroad, especially by those in the United States.

As the Protestant and Presbyterian refugees of 'Ninety-Eight, the "United Irishmen," took shelter in America, so did the Roman Catholic and Protestant refugees from the wreck of "Young Ireland" in 'Forty-Eight. Being addicted to speech-making and literature, they took their stand on the political "platform" with the Irish vote behind them, and they started a numerous fleet of newspapers. Indeed, the recent repression of the Fenian movement in Ireland, and the consequent flight of some of its leaders, have been marked in the United States by the uprise of several new Irish-American papers, from New York to San Francisco. The first refugees, those of 'Ninety-Eight, were absorbed by the American population; some of them became eminent at the bar, others in commerce. Absorption did not necessarily occur in the second case, when the Irish vote was counted by millions, and those who had influence over it were courted by party politicians. The "Democrats" joined them in denouncing England, for their own chief strength lay in the South, and English Abolitionists were vehemently attacking slavery. On the other hand, the Republicans welcomed them heartily, expressed their "sympathy with Ireland," and one of the most prominent amongst them became trustee of the fund raised to rescue the Irish political prisoners. The American Catholic Clergy (although chiefly Irish) held themselves aloof, because certain of the Young Ireland leaders declared that, "only for the priests," there would have been a revolution in Ireland. "Only for the priests" there might possibly have been some bloodshed, but no successful revolution, certainly. During this time some of the minor leaders had sought refuge in Paris, and there fraternized with the French Republicans, affiliated themselves with a secret society, and became members of the *Haute Vente*. Of these were Stephens, a civil engineer; and O'Mahony, a "gentleman-farmer." Resolved to form an organization amongst their countrymen similar to that with which they were connected on the Continent, the former chose Ireland as the scene of his operations, the latter went to America. The Phoenix Society, which was exploded in the west of Cork during the last Tory Administration, was the first symptom of the scheme. The word "Fenian" was then unknown. O'Mahony, however, having employed his business hours in conducting the *Phoenix* newspaper, translated during his leisure time Keating's "History of Ireland" from the Irish Gaelic. He saw there so much concerning the valorous adventures of Finn and his Finnian or Fenian troops—a sort of standing army—that he popularized the name in his paper, and thus it came to designate what it does. The Irish Association, it seems, did not acknowledge the name, for their organ used to deny that there were any "Fenians" in Ireland. The documents read at the trials showed that they had assumed the name of the "I.R.B.," or Irish Republican Brothers. They depended, indeed, largely on the ultramarine association for funds, with which they paid their "organizers," and purchased some arms. They do not appear to have sought to win to them any of the '48 patriots: they rather treated them with chilling contempt. They had leaders enough of their own, and no small opinion of their own powers, intellectual as well as physical. It is a mistake to utter congratulations on the fact that the movement was confined to the lower orders; because, from the oath tendered in evidence, it is clear that the emissaries wanted not a political association, but an army. Especially they wanted the rank and file, for officers they knew could be had in plenty from America. The measures taken by the late Government, and the division among the American Fenians did decidedly prevent an intended outbreak, if we can trust to rumours and the threats with which the Irish-Americans surcharged their speeches. At present the division is still greater than ever, although Stephens has dissolved the organization, as constituted, and taken it completely into his own hands, transforming it into a secret society. Only a portion of the old body recognises his headship, and this is the smaller portion. Hence the organization in Ireland cannot be at all in such a position as it was, for the funds are diverted from it. The Sweeney party, with their plan for the invasion of Canada, have the support not only of a large number of the New York circles, but of the richer circles of the North-west. These are courted by the Republican or Radical politicians—once called Abolitionists. The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, appeared at their recent festive demonstration at Buffalo, and in vehement terms urged them to proceed. The Governor of Indiana spoke in the same spirit, denouncing the President's "neutrality" action. On the other hand, while Stephens himself reprehends dabbling in American politics, the journal edited by his creature Meany "goes for" the Philadelphia Convention, the Democrats or Conservatives, and states that the President is at heart a Fenian, and only desires to be relieved of his

bonds to act a friendly part. All this bears with considerable significance on the Canadian situation. Fenianism is but scotched, not killed, and may yet give us both trouble and anxiety. We are threatened with a vicarious whipping through our colony, and if our possessions are to be periodically menaced with a punishment for our supposed offences, we cannot see how they can altogether enjoy their relationship with the mother country.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEXICO is evidently in as disturbed a state as it used to be ere yet a modern Empire had been created in the old seat of the Aztecs, or a French regiment had landed with a view to the restoration of law and order. We have been slow to accept the several stories of Imperialist defeat which have from time to time come to us from Anglo-American sources, because there has been some reason to suppose that they were in a measure prompted, or at least exaggerated, by the not unnatural desire of all parties in the United States to witness the downfall of a monarchy which had been created by armed European intervention on the Western Continent. But statements which are now published almost every week, and which are derived from authorities not open to reasonable doubt, make it plain that Louis Napoleon's experiment with the so-called "Latin race" of that part of America has been a failure. There cannot be a doubt that the position of the Emperor Maximilian is critical. The *Estafette*—an Imperialist journal published in Mexico—admits that, "from Matamoros to Alvarado, all the eastern coast is in insurrection;" and adds that Tampico is occupied by the malcontents, that the guerillas are marauding up to the very gates of Vera Cruz, that Jalapa is besieged, and that the public treasury is exhausted. The state of things in the west is equally bad—perhaps even worse, for it has been resolved on to abandon that part of the empire to the Juarists; while, on the shores of the Pacific, the malcontents continue to blockade the French in Mazatlan. "Even in the provinces bordering on the capital," says the *Paris Temps*, "the Imperialist forces are no longer masters of anything more than the points they occupy." The visit of the Mexican Empress to France is in itself suggestive of a desperate condition of affairs; and rumours are not wanting of a disposition on the part of the Emperor Napoleon to continue his assistance to the Power he has created, instead of withdrawing his troops, according to recent promise. It is seriously to be hoped, however, that he has made no such resolve. The attempt to form a Mexican Empire was a mistake in the first instance, though a mistake which the then condition of the United States seemed almost to invite. To endeavour to prop up a falling throne when it is clear that the national feeling is against it, would be a twofold error, since it would assuredly lead to disaster—perhaps to a war with the United States—and would contradict the great Napoleonic principle of basing all rule on the will of the people. If a liberal and progressive Empire could have been firmly established among the half-caste descendants of Montezuma's subjects, it might have been a great boon to the wretched land which they have so long misgoverned; but, if they will not accept the gift, there is nothing for it but to leave them to their beloved anarchy and their inevitable ruin.

THERE seems to be no limit to the dissatisfaction which the late war in Italy has occasioned. It is now stated that sharp words were exchanged between La Marmora and Cialdini when the former gave up to the latter the direction of the staff of the army. According to a French paper, La Marmora had the last word. "Be more fortunate than I have been," he is reported to have said; "at any rate, you will have the advantage of not having General Cialdini under your orders."

THE insurrection in Candia continues in much the same state that it has been in for the last two or three weeks. It is certainly not suppressed, and the Turkish Government has thought it expedient to send Mustapha Pasha from Constantinople with conciliatory propositions. In the meanwhile, a deputation from Epirus has waited on the King of Greece with a petition which concludes with the words,—“If the incorporation [of Epirus with the Hellenic monarchy] cannot be effected by the intervention of the King, the province will rush to arms, and break off the yoke of Ottoman domination. Thessalia will assist us.” The King received the petition in

silence. He is not to be blamed; but assuredly at the present moment Greece wants a man at the head of affairs.

MR. POPE HENNESSY has written a pamphlet on "Napoleon III. and the Rhine," in which he strongly advocates the right of France to the Rhenish provinces. In his opinion, the exclusion of that country from the territories in question was insisted on by the Allies, in 1815, as a means of humiliating the Power which had for so long kept Europe in dismay, and of giving her such weak frontiers that she would always be at the mercy of her neighbours. The Allies acknowledged the limits of the Napoleonic Empire in 1813, and, after the banishment of the Emperor to Elba in 1814, still left to France a good portion of the Rhenish lands, as well as the slopes of Savoy. The different settlement of 1815 was in revenge for the Hundred Days, and with a view to reducing France to a position of feebleness and dependence. But we are assured that the arrangement of that year with reference to the Rhenish provinces is on the eve of being swept away, the treaty having already been torn into rags as regards Poland, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and many other States. Austria and England, the two great leading Powers of 1815, are now no longer great and respected, and France, which was then humbled in the dust, is at this moment—thanks to the genius of Napoleon III.—the arbiter of Europe. "Those," says Mr. Hennessy, "who think the question [of the Rhine frontier] was heedlessly opened and speedily closed, are doubly mistaken. It was opened by one who is accustomed to deliberation, and it is not closed." This may be so; but it should not be forgotten that the Emperor himself, in his reply to the Prussian refusal to make concessions, acknowledged that that refusal was reasonable, and that his own demand was only made in compliance with the popular wish. The fact is, Prussia has some very strong "reasons," in the shape of needle guns and a mighty army flushed with almost unexampled success. France may be preparing equally strong "reasons," or there may be, as we hinted a few weeks ago, an understanding between the Emperor and Count Bismarck, to the effect that a compromise shall be effected some time hence. But, for the present at least, Napoleon III. seems to have consented to be "snubbed." The oddest thing in Mr. Hennessy's pamphlet is a report which he gives of a conversation between "one of the rank and file of the Opposition" and Lord Palmerston, in the summer of 1863. The scene was the tea-room of the House of Commons, and the then Premier (who, we are told, deprecated any allusion to "Lord John's despatches," adding, "Let us talk sensibly") admitted that it would be insanity for us to oppose that which the French have such a natural desire to accomplish, and in which we have not the smallest direct interest one way or the other; but, at the same time, contended that "there are good reasons, also, why we must not do anything now to encourage them." It is a new thing to hear that Lord Palmerston was in the habit of throwing contempt on his own Foreign Secretary, and of talking over the affairs of Europe with "the rank and file of the Opposition."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has been making a sort of "progress" through certain parts of the States, and of course—being an American—he has delivered several speeches. His address at New York, where, together with Mr. Seward, General Grant, and Admiral Farragut, he was entertained at a banquet at Delmonico's, was a piece of furious political declamation, not at all fitting, according to our English notions, in the mouth of a Chief Magistrate. Mr. Johnson believes that the Republican party are imperilling the Union afresh by denying to the Southern States readmission to Congress. That is a perfectly legitimate opinion, and a fair ground for discussion among politicians; but it is not desirable to find the President, who ought to be superior to factious and sectional issues, using such language as he is reported to have uttered at this New York banquet. "We find," he said, "that it is in violation of the express terms of the Constitution, as well as of its spirit, that States now in this Union are denied representation in the Senate and the House of Representatives. Now, shall we submit to this? Will the American people submit to this doctrine? Why, if they do, so far as representation is concerned, it is practically a dissolution of the Union." And again:—"General Grant and myself have fought Secession on one end of the line, and I tell you we are ready to fight it out on the other. It is a contest and a struggle for the Union of these States." This is not the language of a conciliator—one who should hold the scales fairly between opposing parties, or at least refrain from hounding the one against the other. It is the language of the merest demagogue; but then Mr. John-

son acknowledged that he was a demagogue, and wished there were more in the country. At Albany, the President said that "slander and calumny, the foul whelps of sin, and a mercenary and subsidised press, had tried to poison the public mind" against him. No doubt the Republicans are just as excessive in their language as Mr. Johnson himself; but is it dignified or politic to answer them in kind?

AN elaborate account has been published in the *Times* of certain granaries constructed by the Austrians at Porta Vescovo, in connection with the garrison of Verona. They are made upon entirely new and very scientific principles, the invention of a Belgian, named Devaux. Carefully ventilated, and provided with cunning contrivances for stowage and removal—with steam-machines, Archimedian screws, shafts, cylinders, iron reservoirs, troughs, fans, grinding-mills, &c.—these granaries seem to be models of cleanliness and order, and it is said that damp, rats, mice, and worms, are entirely extirpated. From the grain thus stored, bread is made by machinery, and without being touched by the hand; so that the Austrian soldier is excellently provided for in this respect. Let us hope that in due time—say in about a century and a half—Englishmen will be equally well served with loaves that are in every way fit to eat. A few years ago, a Machine Bread-making Company was started; but somehow it did not answer, and for the present we are given over to the consumption of bread seasoned with dirt.

A PIECE of uncommonly sharp practice in the diplomatic line has been attributed to Count Bismarck by a Frankfort paper. He is said, when M. Benedetti broached the subject of a rectification of the French frontier, to have expressed his regret that he could not yield a foot of German soil, but that, in consideration of the services rendered him by the neutrality of France, he was prepared to modify the frontier of the province of Posen with a view to the re-establishment of Polish nationality. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, so runs the story, jumped at this offer, and M. Benedetti was instructed to urge the Prussian Minister to keep his word as soon as possible. Meanwhile, the astute Count despatched General Manteuffel to St. Petersburg, where an anti-Prussian coalition was preparing, carrying with him a copy of the despatch in which the French Government declared itself ready to cry "quits" if Polish nationality was re-established. The *ruse* was perfectly successful, and the Franco-Russian coalition was dissolved.

THERE seems to be a general agreement in England that cholera is more the result of impure water than of any other cause. But let us not be too sure of that. Florence has been free from cholera, which has visited almost every other part of Italy; yet nearly its whole supply of water is taken from wells dug in the immediate vicinity of the cess-pools of the houses. This, however, is not a reason for relaxing our efforts to obtain a better supply of water in England. Even the Florentines are now alive to the propriety of providing the inhabitants of their closely-built and over-peopled city with better water, and the municipal council is said to have arrived at a decision to facilitate the execution of Cantagalli's project of a Florence aqueduct.

THE "Grinder of Small Boys" finds the recent "Latin Primer" unsuited to the purpose for which it was framed. New grammatical terms, such as "trajective" and "prolate infinitive," have been adopted, which, though their derivation may be profoundly scientific, are not likely to enlighten little gentlemen ten or twelve years of age; while in many details the machinery of the old system has been upset or replaced by other gear more complex, and, of course, less familiar to the ordinary "coach." As long ago as the seventeenth century, and in his own Latin Hexameters, Boileau sneers at the custom of Latin verses:—

"Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,  
Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,  
Musa, jubes?"

During the discussion which has taken place, one correspondent, who signs himself "H.," seems to have fallen into the error of supposing that, if we assimilated our pronunciation of Latin to that adopted on the Continent, we might escape the derision with which such a false quantity is now hailed in Parliament or a court of justice. He proposes to sound the Latin *a* as the *a* in *father*; *e* as *a* in *fate*; *i* as *e*

in *me*; *o* as *o* in *no*; *u* as *oo* in *room*; and so on. But would this affect the question of "quantity"? We think not. The vocal pronunciation of an isolated vowel has nothing to do with its rhythmical value in a word of more than one syllable. Let us take the first line of the "*Ars Poetica*,"—

"*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam,*"

and read it after the Continental fashion. An educated foreigner would probably pronounce it thus—we write phonetically:—

"*Oōmānō cāppētē ēārevēēsēm pēēktōr āquēnām.*"

But what should we think of him if, while retaining his native accent, he had not learnt how to scan? We might then be condemned to hear—

"*Oomānō cāpētē ēērvēsēm peektōr ābquēnām,*"

and we shudder to think of the effect on nerves polite.

HERO-WORSHIP leads its votaries and priests to kneel to strange gods. Mr. Carlyle evidently sees an undeveloped Frederick in Mr. Eyre, whose "history in the world goes far to establish the conclusion that he is a just, humane, and valiant man, faithful to his trusts everywhere, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them." If we put "negroes" for "them" in this sentence, we shall have a grain of truth in a handful of soft sawder. Matthew Browne quotes a story told by Mary Godwin, that when a person whom she loved became ill after a debauch, "it was so contrary to the nature of things that it gave me exquisite pain; I used at those times show him extreme respect." Mr. Carlyle has impaired the health of those powers for which he was revered by indulging in violent opinions, and even when beside himself with them we should respect the author of "*Sartor Resartus*." It is evident from his expressions that he regards Mr. Eyre as martyred to a stupid outcry, and he prefers to join the white-washing committee and contribute his mite to the material to having share in a sentiment entertained by five out of six of the sensible politicians of the country. We may yet get a good history or a good essay from Mr. Carlyle. There is such a thing as being a literary "angel," and a "poor Poll" in any other capacity. Mr. Carlyle is unquestionably entitled to his views; but those views are not entitled to the full weight of Mr. Carlyle. He is of much more worth than they are, and his announcement is simply a public obtrusion of one of those extraordinary angularities of his genius, those queer pegs upon which he now and again will hang the oddest notions. We are becoming "louder" than we used to be, he tells us; but who is "louder" than Mr. Kingsley, his co-committeeman? We may not be wise in our generation to the extent of appreciating Mr. Eyre's "mistakes," but we are not far enough gone in eccentricity not to understand the figures of a blue book, and ground our beliefs upon them, and not upon whiffs of flatulent rhetoric, "something like the case of fire suddenly reported in the ship's powder-room, in mid ocean, where the moments mean the ages, and life and death hang on your use or misuse of the moments." "Hamilton Hume, Esq." must have been inexpressibly gratified when he received this and the rest of it as a circular answer "to all such volunteer correspondence from without."

A FRENCH writer, according to the *Globe*, describing an English election from the point of view afforded him by the recent bribery disclosures, says:—"When the election is over, the town wears a new air of comfort and prosperity; men pay their debts, build houses, increase their business; a looker-on might imagine that he was surveying one of those small sea-ports where an exceptionally good fishery has enriched the whole population." We are now so accustomed to the details of borough corruption, that we slip over the ugly catalogue in the newspapers. It will add greatly to the oratorical inspiration of an extra-parliamentary spouter to feel an internal conviction that with the majority of his audience a bank-note represents the only note of politics they are prepared to accept.

It appears you can have your cholera boiled as well as cold. Dr. Frankland gives a case in point, where a gentleman and his wife, having taken tea, were afterwards taken ill exactly at the same moment and with a perfectly connubial sympathy as to the epidemic indications. Up to this we were given to understand that heat destroyed the poisonous matter, but it

would seem the doctors differ on the point, as they do upon most points. We are glad to notice the decline of the plague, but there has been a pitiable absence of decision or knowledge on the part of the faculty in dealing with it. Not a single efficient remedy has been discovered, and at the finish of the cholera season, when we had learned to put our trust in kettles, we are informed that there is death in them as well as in the pumps.

SOME one at Highbury has been bold, wise, and sensible enough to refuse to pay the two guineas for a license or the five for a special license and to be married by banns; nay, to advertise the fact. This is as it should be; no member of any Church should be married without due and honest publicity. As divorced people must resort to licenses, and as every snob who can whip up forty shillings will do so, probably, the simple, true, and honest practice of asking in Church will again obtain in society. Would there be so many breach of promise cases if marriage were made the honest, open piece of love business it should be? We believe this is a step towards it.

SOCIETY is troubled about morning calls, which are certainly great bores, and trouble even the do-nothing classes. People order their broughams, or, it may be, hire them, and then run about the town "dropping pasteboard," or they are ushered in and sit in a circle staring at the hostess. After half an hour, in which no good has been evolved, the lady goes away, comparing bonnets and dresses, and the gentlemen inwardly cursing at the vapid folly. For your morning calls have your cards backed and printed in the corners "Condolence," "Leave taking, or P. P. C.," "Congratulation," and "Inquiry" or "Business." Turn over that corner which most immediately relates to your purpose; that is, if you have any. It will then save Smith-Brown the unutterable misery of puzzling an already obfuscated brain by inquiring "Why that fellah, Wobinson-Jones, dwopped in upon me when I was out?" This corner-dodge is suggested by the *Pall Mall*, the idea being taken from the cards of foreigners. Our inscriptions are, however, different.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been busily engaged in laying the plot of another serial story, to which it is to be hoped he will obtain a better illustrator than the "sloppy" artist who, by blurring his author's strong and beautiful outlines, has succeeded in almost utterly stamping out any recollection of Mr. Boffin, or the "Bird of Prey," and destroying the effect of an otherwise powerful novel. The new story will not be issued for some months; in the mean time, Mr. Dickens has arranged with Mr. Arthur Chappell for a series of readings, six of which will be given during the winter, in St. James's Hall.

A NEW Copyright Bill, under distinguished patronage—as provincial managers tell us of a new play—will be produced next session. Mr. A. Trollope will give us his views on the subject of international and other copyright at the Social Science Meeting. Let us hope some good will come of this stir to authors. Lord Granville, we know, thought that stealing an author's plot and words at a theatre was a pleasing advertisement to him.

MR. J. MACGREGOR, Captain of the *Rob Roy* canoe, is author, we believe, of many good, pious, and exhilarating narratives in the *British Workman* style of art. He has at least done a bold and manly thing in his thousand-mile voyage, and he is therefore elected unanimously Captain of the Canoe Club, a new society, the objects of which are "to improve canoes, promote canoeing, and unite canoists." Members' wives are admitted as honorary members, without entrance fee. Upon these ladies the task of improving and uniting the canoists will chiefly fall; but they should eliminate from their fleet such names as the *Rover*, the *Rambler*, and the *Romp*, which we see are adopted. The laureate of the Club should be the great author of the sweet lyric, "Paddle your own Canoe."

THE statue in Leicester-square has been invested with a glaring mackintosh, and the renovation is calculated to impress the foreign residents of the quarter with a still higher opinion of British taste than the noble erection to Wellington near Hyde Park. The last state of the Leicester-square effigy is

worse than the first, though that was bad enough. George I. was never so white as he has been painted now.

"We seem," according to a leader in a paper whose leaders it is impossible to resist quoting, for a reason probably not contemplated by the writers, "we seem to be in the midst of an epidemic of murder. Crime, in its most hideous extremes, is raging at blood-heat, and selects its victims with ghastly impartiality from every age, rank, and sex." How is "impartiality" "ghastly"? Or how would "we" manage to get on without something sensational? During the week "we" had also a splendid article—a screamer—on the Leger, in which we were told the "worker can still claim the proud title of man, a title in common with Lord Chancellor Thurlow." There is an impressive air of originality in the way in which the worker is informed of his humanity which is quite refreshing, especially during a period when the origin of species is likely to be mooted. Further on we learn of "many an Alton Locke and Adam Bede who might teach even scornful Cabinet Ministers, if they had humility enough to listen, 'more than Plato knew.'" If this isn't value for the money charged for it, we should very much like to learn what is.

A RACE of 16,000 miles in length is something to note. Our readers have, doubtless, seen the particulars, how nine ships started, but how the contest lay between the *Taeping* and the *Ariel*, the former winning, by a steam-tug in time, a prize of £500. On the subject of sailing feats we may allude to the *Red White and Blue*, at the Crystal Palace. Mr. *Punch* evidently regards that wonder with suspicion, judging from a reference to the mariners in connection with it in this week's number. The credulous manner in which the public have accepted what, if true, is but little short of a miracle, is a concession to the power of audacity worth remarking. "The dog it was who died" on the passage, the crew being left alive to tell the story of the voyage.

THE monument to Sayers, the boxer, is completed, according to *Bell's Life*, and from a column of the *Times*, which announces more pacific matches and engagements than those in which the valiant Tom took a leading part, we gather that his daughter has become Mrs. Mensley.

LORD LYON, the favourite, won the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, on Wednesday last. Perhaps the only remarkable feature in this year's meeting, to determine which horse should bear away what has been termed the Red Ribbon of the North, was the scratching, at the last moment, of Rustic. Some complaints have been made against the Duke of Beaufort for this act, but the public as well as the private character of his Grace is too far removed above suspicion for any but the lowest and most disreputable hangers-on of the Turf, to countenance for an instant any such reports. Savernake, who, under the name of the Bribery colt, ran second at Epsom, was unable to reverse the position at Doncaster, despite the efforts of Challoner, who rode him with considerable judgment. Custance, who won with Lord Lyon at Epsom, has quite recovered from the accident, from the effects of which he was suffering when he victoriously carried Mr. Sutton's colours on the Surrey Downs. Of course, "his lordship" was handed over to his care, and right well did he perform his task. The only two horses who had any chance in the race, led throughout, and when they reached the distance Savernake and Lord Lyon were on equal terms. Custance, knowing well the capabilities of the magnificent animal he rode, kept on his way locked with Savernake, the pair racing together as they had once before, amidst the greatest excitement of the crowd. The ovation which followed the hoisting of Lord Lyon's number was fairly earned by Custance's consummate jockeyship.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

There are many ways of obtaining a bad drama, but the one generally found most effectual is to offer a prize to dramatic writers and leave the task of determining the winner to a committee of judges. This plan is not often adopted, but when it is, it nearly always leads to a theatrical failure. Mrs. Gore's prize comedy, "Quid pro Quo," is one case in point, and Mr. Slous's prize nautical drama, "True to the Core," produced last Saturday

night at the Surrey Theatre, is another. We are not in a position to state how many persons of intelligence and stage experience it took to decide that "True to the Core" was not only a drama worthy of the late T. P. Cooke's prize of £100, but a drama likely to interest and enrapture a Surrey audience; but we could find a shrewd guess as to how many hundreds of persons on the first night of performance were firmly convinced that those intelligent and experienced judges had made a mistake. Mr. Watts Phillips began the Surrey season with an historical Roman hodge-podge, and Mr. Slous has followed with a slice of early English history. It seems as if Mr. Shepherd has resolved to leave off amusing his patrons in order to instruct them. New theatres have a wonderful power of attracting bad dramas—the new Adelphi was not open many weeks before it produced a dull and unsuccessful drama called "The Borgia Ring"; but it was reserved for the new Surrey Theatre to produce two such ambitious failures in close succession as "Theodora" and "True to the Core." We can hardly feel surprised at anything that authors do, but managers are supposed to be cast in a more practical mould, and not to be ready to expend thousands in illustrating literary material that is not deserving of as many hundreds.

Mr. Slous's prize nautical drama is confused and uninteresting. There is no strong central character, but a profusion of minor parts. The scene is laid at Plymouth, at the period of the attempted invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, and the costume is quaint, picturesque, brilliant—everything but nautical, according to the received notions. There is no comedy in the piece, no hornpipes, no combats, nothing but a dead level of dialogue, massive scenery, and a few unexciting incidents. The story is slight, but is worked out with needless complexity. A patriotic pilot is entrapped on board the chief vessel of the Spanish squadron on his wedding-day, and is compelled by threats of torture to steer the ship into Plymouth harbour. He casts her on the Eddystone rock, wrecks the invaders, and is rewarded and knighted by Queen Elizabeth. The piece appeals to no strong, modern, living sympathies, and is not half full enough of clap-trap sentiments for a nautical drama. We may praise Mr. Slous for his taste and timidity, but not for his spirit and stage tact. The acting copy-right of the drama belongs to the Royal Dramatic College, and we wish we could congratulate them on the possession of a more valuable and adaptable property. Mr. Creswick represents the principal part—a very poor one—and Miss Kate Saville plays the very uninteresting heroine. The scenery by Mr. Gates is bold and effective, and forms the chief attraction of the drama.

## SCIENCE.

THE crust of the globe is mainly composed of metals in combination with oxygen; or, in other words, metals which have been burnt. The principal ingredients of what may be termed agricultural earth, or the soil in which plants grow, are the metals silicon, aluminum, and calcium, in the state of oxides. Sand is oxide of silicon, clay a mixture of oxide of aluminum and oxide of silicon, lime is an oxide of calcium. Thus the rind of the earth may be said to be formed by the combustion or oxydation of its interior. But oxydation is chemically the same function as respiration. May not the respiration of the earth be continually going on, and be a function essential to the preservation and development of the life on its surface? Many facts tend to show that the earth is increasing in size, and this would be a necessary result of the continuous oxydation of its metallic centre. But if the earth is constantly breathing oxygen, where does it obtain its supply? and if the oxygen so breathed enters into a solid form in the earth's crust, whence is the source of supply to get replenished? The earth is conjectured to obtain its supply of oxygen by the decomposition of the water which percolates through its crust, and hence the question arises, is the water in the ocean diminishing in quantity? and how is the hydrogen which has been dispossessed of its oxygen disposed of? Professor Daubrée, who has long been carrying on extensive researches on meteorites and their chemical composition, observes, that although the characteristic form and the state of aggregation of meteoric stones are entirely unknown amongst terrestrial rocks it is worthy of note that the chemical type, the mixture of peridot and bronzite, is found on points of the globe most widely separated, sometimes in the condition of true rock, like the Lherzolite of the Pyrenees, and the Dunite of New Zealand; sometimes accidentally, so to speak, and in a fragmentary state in basaltic rocks. Now, it is quite possible that these basalts are the product of an absorption of the feldspathic rocks, which the peridotite rock has encountered in its upward passage, and been able to re-fuse by its very elevated temperature. The interesting experiment as to what degree of heat a fused Lherzolite must possess in order to be able to liquefy the quantity of feldspar necessary for forming basalt, has however yet to be made. Taking, with Davy, a globe composed of fused metals, or oxidizable elements, and subjected to the action of oxygen, as a starting point, Professor Daubrée regards peridotite as the immediate product of this combustion—a kind of universal scoria, and shows that there is (with the exception of form) no other difference between this scoria and meteorites, than that of a smaller proportion of oxygen in the latter shown by the presence of unoxidized metals. It is curious to find in some remarks on Professor Daubrée's views by M. Louis Semann, a going back to the notions of the ancients on the important role played by water in cosmology—that it is, in fact, a

true cosmogonic element, an opinion advocated also by Oken, in his "Physiophilosophy." After pointing out how extensively chemical affinities are dominated by temperature—that mercury, for instance, which has but little affinity for oxygen at ordinary temperatures, rapidly oxydizes when raised to its boiling point; but when further raised to nearly red heat gives it off again, M. Louis Sæmann observes, "In so far as regards the earth, there is however one combination which presents itself under such circumstances, that one can hardly doubt its existence at all stages of the geological series: it is water, a result of the most powerful chemical affinity, which, by its volatility is protected from the principal causes of destruction, and whose oxygen liberated in the presence of any incandescent body immediately recombines with the hydrogen, which no other element can permanently withhold from it. In fact, one might say without exaggeration that water, as the ancients have long thought, is a true cosmogonic element, for it lends itself to all sorts of reactions, but only temporarily, and as constantly returns to its former state." Regarded from M. Daubrée's point of view, a planetary epoch, that is to say, the duration and general results of the phenomena which have been produced from the throwing into action of the chemical elements of a planetary system until the final and perfect establishment of their equilibrium, is nothing in reality but a chemical reaction on the grandest scale—a reaction prolonged by the changes which chemical affinities undergo, and of which the lowering of the temperature seems to be the most powerful agent. The development of organic life on each celestial body is only a transient accident, an evanescent mouldiness, since out of an average of 2,000 degrees of temperature (3,600 Fahrenheit) that each planet must pass through, there are scarcely forty (seventy-two Fahrenheit) in which organic life is possible. We need hardly say, that inferences from such very insufficient data can only be regarded in the light of speculations. All that man sees around him of the operations of Nature, point to the conclusion that her great aim and object is the creation of sentient existence.

According to an American paper, "A party of five young men, while on an exploring expedition recently along the Colorado River, discovered an immense pyramid on a barren plain. It was composed of layers of stone from 18 inches to nearly 3 feet in thickness, and from 5 feet to 8 feet in length. It had a level top of more than 50 feet square, though it was evident that it had been completed, and some great convulsion of nature had displaced its entire top, as it was evidently lying on one of its sides a huge and broken mass, nearly covered by the sand. Its present height is 104 feet, and it must have been formerly full 20 feet higher. This pyramid differs in some respects from the Egyptian pyramids. It is, or was, more slender or pointed; and, while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers receding as they rise, this American pyramid was undoubtedly a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom." This is one of those vague announcements not unfrequent in American papers, which one might almost suppose written for the simple purpose of tantalizing archaeologists. No authority is here given, no precise spot stated, while the description is somewhat vague, and the fact itself not a little improbable. Such a monument would not be looked for so far north of Mexico, nor should one expect to find a smooth-faced pyramid of stone of the character here described anywhere else on the continent. Of terraced and graded pyramids there are numbers. As to this pyramid being more highly finished than the Egyptian pyramids that is clearly an error, for it is precisely in Egypt, if not exclusively in Egypt, that such smooth-faced pyramids have been found. If the fact and description are both accurate, the occurrence is unique, and the case one of great interest, but before either can be safely accepted, we need much better evidence than the present paragraph supplies.

The current number of the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society contains a paper by Professors King and Rowney on the supposed Eozoön Canadense which is not calculated to be very reassuring to the faith of the public in the statements of scientific men, as these gentlemen deny that this supposed fossil is an organic production. They state in the most positive terms "that every one of the specialities that have been diagnosed for Eozoön Canadense is solely and purely of crystalline origin, and that from every point of view foraminiferal, mineralogical, chemical, and geological, the opposite view (that held by Dr. Carpenter) has been shown to be utterly untenable." They are inclined to believe that the "Eozoönal ophte" is a pseudo-morphic rock, that it existed at one time in the ordinary metamorphic state, perhaps as hornblende or augitic gneiss, and that it is primarily of sedimentary origin. The paper is illustrated by two lithographic plates. A note by Dr. Carpenter follows, in which he adheres to his former opinions, and states that he has detected similar organic remains in the fundamental gneissic formations of Central Europe and Scandinavia.

Professor Herr divides the plants hitherto found in the lake-dwellings into,—1. cereals; 2. weeds of the cornfields; 3. culinary vegetable; 4. fruit berries; 5. nuts; 6. oil producing plants; 7. aromatic plants; 8. bark, and fibrous plants; 9. plants used for dyeing; 10. forest trees and shrubs; 11. mosses and ferns; 12. fungi for kindling fire; 13. water and marsh plants. The cereals comprehended the small-grained, six-eared barley, a small variety of wheat, a beardless compact wheat, and two kinds of millet. Masses of manure from domestic animals indicate that heaps of such materials were systematically collected. The fruits

comprised crab-apples, pears, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and plums; a cake of poppy seeds, pressed probably for oil, was found at Rohenhäusen, and also carraways, which may have been a condiment. From a chemical analysis made by Professor Fellenberg, of Berne, it appears that the bronze of many of the weapons and implements discovered in the western part of Switzerland consists of pure tin mixed with copper containing a little nickel, "while not a trace of this metal is to be found in bronze objects met with elsewhere." Copper of this kind is afforded by the ores of the Valois, and it is conjectured that the lake-dwellers worked these ores, and obtained their tin from the Cornish mines.

M. J. Moutier has presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, in which, adopting the theory of a universally diffused ether, he has sought to make it available for the explanation of the phenomena of static electricity, which he assumes to be caused by a movement of a definite character of the ether interposed between the primary molecules of all bodies. In bodies in a neutral state this motion of the ether has a definite quickness; as this mean quickness is either increased or diminished, the body becomes positively or negatively electrified. The intensity of the charge is proportional to the increase or diminution in the amount of movement. When two different bodies are rubbed together, a portion of the motion possessed by the ether of one of these bodies passes into the ether of the other body; the two bodies are then charged equally with opposite electricities. The propagation of electricity is explained by assimilating the phenomenon to the blow of a body. The unequal conductivity of bodies is due to the inequalities in the elasticity of the ether which separates their molecules. Electric induction is the immediate result of the mode of propagation of the electric movement. Electrization intensifies the *vis viva* of the ether. The electric discharge is followed by a loss of *vis viva*. In the medium surrounding an electrified body, the *vis viva* of the ether at each point is equal to the *vis viva* of the ether of the electrified body when neutral, plus the *vis viva* resulting from the electrization. When a very small electrified body is placed in a homogeneous medium, the electric charge at each point in the medium is inversely proportional to the distance which separates this point from the electrified body. The propagation of electricity in a homogeneous medium takes place in the same manner, as if there existed two electric fluids, the molecules of each repelling each other, and attracting those of the opposite fluid in proportion to their masses, and inversely as the square of the distance. The movement of electrified bodies is caused by a pressure exerted by the ether, and this pressure is proportional to the *vis viva* which results from electrization. Coulomb's law as to the attractions and repulsions of electrified bodies flows immediately from this principle. Electricity forms a very thin film or layer over the surface of a conductor, maintained by the resistance of the surrounding medium. All the points of the conductor interior to or within this very thin stratum of electricity are in the same electrical condition. The charge at every point is the index of power of the electric stratum. This result is in accordance both with experience and the mathematical theory of electricity.

The *Nelson Colonist* says, "From Okorita, the most southern of the new gold-digging settlements on the West Coast, it is reported that a miner has discovered the skull and other parts of the bones of a moa at a spot near Cook's River. He brought the skull to Okarita. The skull itself measured quite two feet in circumference, and when the portion of the beak was affixed in the sockets from which it had clearly come, the length from the back of the skull to the tip of the beak was about twenty inches. The bone was light, but had not been exposed for a very long period, inasmuch as some of the gelatinous portion could be perceived, and the perfect dryness indicative of a very protracted exposure did not exist."

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

AFTER the sudden fall in three weeks from 10 to 5 per cent. in the Bank-rate, it is not surprising that the downward movement has for the moment been arrested. According to the course of the discount market, where the best bills are readily taken at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., a further decline might have been anticipated; but the changeable state of the weather, and the fact that up to the last account above a quarter of a million in specie had, on balance, been withdrawn for export, probably induced the directors to stay for the present any further action. The belief had been generally current that no change would take place, and hence the stock markets were in no wise affected. Business, in fact, just at the present moment, is chiefly influenced by the prospects of the harvest. As each day of mingled sunshine or rain passes by, so do hopes rise or fall. It is known that, although the crops in the south are almost entirely secured, in the north a short period of fine weather is absolutely necessary. As we write, there is a good prospect of our obtaining this inestimable benefit; but the sudden disappointment produced by the unfavourable change last week has not been entirely got over, and hence, in all

departments of business, every one is acting with unusual caution.

The efflux of gold to the United States has continued on a somewhat larger scale than had been looked for, although, in fact, amounting to no great sum. After the enormous receipts from that country, a month or two back, it is not much to have to return some £200,000 or £300,000 in two or three successive weeks. The most satisfactory feature in the movement is the confidence that it shows in the permanence of peace in America, and that, as far as investors are concerned, the renewal of the civil war is considered in the highest degree remote. As we have already had occasion to observe, this belief is not only felt by Englishmen and Germans, but has latterly been shared by Frenchmen. The Five-twenty bonds, which these shipments are made to pay for, are as eagerly, if not more eagerly, bought in Paris, as in London and Frankfort. Not very many years ago, scarcely any foreign securities were quoted on the French Bourse, and it is significant to notice how great an alteration has taken place in this respect. Except on our own Stock Exchange, it may be doubted whether in any other capital of Europe—not even in Frankfort or Amsterdam—foreign investments are now so largely held as in Paris. Formerly, native capitalists would take nothing but the Rentes; now they are ready to invest in Italian, Spanish, Mexican (unfortunately), and many other similar securities. Except, however, in rare instances, United States Bonds have been in little favour, and hence the significance of the present demand.

As regards our own Stocks, they have been almost exclusively affected by considerations of the weather, although the increasing abundance of money still continues to have its effect. Consols may fall back an eighth or a quarter per cent. on two rainy days in succession; but the recovery following on a few hours of sunshine outstrips the previous decline. It is naturally assumed that when bankers and capitalists have great difficulty in employing their floating balances, and first-class bills are continually getting scarce, a good deal of money must be diverted into Government and other permanent securities. The public are buying on this view, as is clearly shown by the present railway and share settlements. For some time back, sales have preponderated over purchasers, and hence the dealers have each fortnight been left with a quantity of stock over. The case is reversed now. Instead of there being too much stock in the market, there is too little, and in some instances the dealers have been obliged to give what is technically called a "backwardation," or premium to the purchaser to forego the delivery of his stock until the next account. This applies especially to the best class of railway securities. Many speculative and miscellaneous shares have also been taken up by the public, the chief being those of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies. The wonderful success that has attended the respective laying and recovery of the two cables has caused many permanent investments, and, there being comparatively few shares in the market, the price has in consequence risen accordingly.

Some remarkable movements have likewise taken place in foreign stocks, and notably the Turkish Five per Cent. General or Conversion Debt. It seems that arrangements are on foot, which have so far approached completion as to leave little doubt that the dividend due last July, but postponed to October, will actually be provided for. The telegram published a day or two ago stated that the negotiations had been completed; but this is premature. Also, that a provision is included to find the money for the next dividend in January, 1867; but this certainly cannot be true. Nothing, of course, has transpired as to the terms upon which the Société Générale and the Imperial Ottoman Bank—the reported parties to the negotiation—have agreed to make the necessary advance for the 13th of October; but they must in any case be extremely onerous. The usual statements regularly appear that this time the Porte is really going to turn over a new leaf, and to set earnestly to work to balance income and expenditure. This sort of thing, however, dates from 1858, and the promise so often renewed has been as continually broken. Some unlucky crisis, either political or financial, seems almost always to turn up to thwart these well-meant endeavours. If the present should not belie the experience of the past, the blame will doubtless be thrown on the insurrection in Candia.

The General Court of Proprietors of the Bank of England was held yesterday to declare a dividend. The accounts for the half-year ending in August showed the rest to amount to £3,981,783, the profit for the six months having been £970,014. A dividend was declared at the rate of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the half-year, free of Income-tax, which will leave the rest at £3,035,838. It is evident that the Bank has been making hay while the sun shines, or, more properly speaking, while the

sun did not shine. The ill-wind of panic has blown good to the proprietors of Bank stock. The dividend on this occasion is the highest known. Two years back it was  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and on four occasions since 1844, viz., in March, 1849, September, 1857, March, 1858, and March, 1865,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In March, 1866, the dividend was  $5\frac{1}{4}$ . Exclusive of these periods, the dividends paid since 1844 have averaged rather less than  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for the half-year.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.25 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce standard, it appears that gold is about 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was, on the 7th of September, 146 per cent., and the premium on gold 54 per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Consols are steady at  $89\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  for money, and  $89\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  for account.

The preliminaries for the adjustment of the half-monthly accounts took place on Wednesday, when the rates of "continuation" were arranged. It appears they ruled rather higher towards the close, the tone of the markets having become stronger. The annexed are the principal quotations:—

	Opening.	Closing.
Great Eastern .....	even to $\frac{1}{4}$	1-16 to 3-16
Great Western .....	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$	even to $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Northern A.....	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western.....	5-16 to 7-16	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$
Lancashire and Yorkshire .....	5-16 to 7-16	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Manch., Sheffield, and Lincolnsh.	5-16 to 7-16	5-16 to 7-16
Metropolitan .....	9-16 to 11-16	5-16 to 7-16
Midland .....	5-16 to 7-16	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
North-Eastern, Berwick .....	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto, York .....	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Dovers .....	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{4}$ back to even.
Luxembourg .....	9d. to 1s. 3d.	9d. to 1s. 3d.
Illinois .....	1s. 0d. to 1s. 6d.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 6d.
Eries .....	6d. to 9d.	6d. to 9d.
United States 5-20 Bonds .....	3-16 to $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Grand Trunk of Canada .....	1-16 to 3-16	1-16 to 3-16
Great Western of Canada .....	9d. to 1s. 3d.	9d. to 1s. 3d.

An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders in the Atlantic Telegraph Company is convened for the 27th inst., to consider the steps necessary for raising the funds to pay off the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. The official notification recites that "It is intended to propose that the remainder of the existing capital of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, amounting to a balance of £800,000, shall forthwith be issued, and that application be made to Parliament in the ensuing session for powers to raise additional capital, and that as to the said £800,000, and as to a further sum of £400,000 out of the additional capital just referred to, making together the sum of £1,200,000 required to purchase the rights of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company (Limited) over the cables of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, it is intended to propose, with the consent of Parliament, to attach to such £1,200,000 such preferential dividends out of the future net profits from time to time earned by the company's cables as may then be decided upon, &c."

The proposal to raise sufficient money to pay off all the claims of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company on the Atlantic cable has caused an improvement in the securities of the different companies interested in the cable. Anglo-American rose  $\frac{1}{4}$ , at  $17\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Atlantic Stock, 5, at 70 to 80; ditto, Eight per Cent. Stock, 10, at 125 to 130; ditto, Eight per Cent. Preference,  $\frac{1}{4}$ , at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; and Telegraph Construction,  $\frac{1}{4}$ , at 3 to 4 prem. In sympathy, British and Irish Magnetic Stock rose 3, at 80 to 85.

The following is from the Metropolitan District Railway Company:—"Messrs. Baxter, Rose, Norton, & Co., the solicitors for the Metropolitan District Railway Company, have attended at the court in Bow-street, with the secretary of the company, and obtained the certificate of the magistrate that the required amount of capital had been subscribed and paid, with a view to the borrowing powers of the company being put into force. The company are now, therefore, in a position to issue debentures for their borrowed capital. The undertaking is in so progressive a state that with this important accession of capital the works will soon be brought to completion."

The liquidator of the Agra & Masterman's Bank (Limited) has announced that the first dividend of 5s. in the pound will be paid at the bank on and after Monday, the 17th inst., in the following order, viz.:—Billholders' claims, on Monday and Tuesday, 17th and 18th Sept. Deposit and current accounts, London, Nos. 1 to 1,500; deposit accounts, Edinburgh, Nos. 1 to 400, on Wednesday and Thursday, 19th and 20th Sept. Deposit and current accounts, London, Nos. 1,501 to 2,862; deposit accounts, Edinburgh, Nos. 401 to 732, on Friday and Saturday, 21st and 22nd Sept.

The London and North-Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £2,103 over last year; the Midland, an increase of £208; the Great Western, an increase of £2,017; the Great Eastern, a decrease of £6,897; and the Great Northern, a decrease of £1,556.

The directors of the Varna Railway, in their half-yearly report, anticipate that the railway will be opened in October next. The accounts show that the total capital raised has been £1,440,339, and the total amount expended £1,465,169, leaving outstanding accounts due by the company, including interest on debentures due 1st July, of £35,000, the funds in bank available being apparently £5,400.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## HISTORY OF SAVINGS BANKS.\*

UNQUESTIONABLY, the "History of Savings Banks" is the history of a great social reform, having an important bearing on the prosperity of the working classes. Improvidence has at all times been one of the sins of the poorer orders—the necessity of "living from hand to mouth" seeming to develop a feeling of utter recklessness as to the future. But the establishment of banks for small savings has done not a little towards correcting this culpable indifference, and it is certain that the growth of more careful habits among the humble brings with it an increase of many other virtues, and a corresponding disinclination towards the vices of indulgence and depravity. Mr. Gladstone showed his full appreciation of this truth when he extended the system to which we are referring, by his Post Office Savings Bank Bill of 1861. He rightly held that the State could have no higher interest than in encouraging frugal habits in the masses of its population—that, even in a fiscal point of view, a substantially well-to-do commonalty affords a more taxable body than an impoverished and degraded mass of workers, oscillating between debauchery and pauperism. Probably he foresaw, even five years ago, the coming demand of the artisan-class for admission to the franchise, and he may have desired to provide for such an end by encouraging in that class a greater spirit of self-reliance and self-help. At any rate, Post Office Savings Banks have been a great success, and it is certain, that in proportion to the prevalence of such institutions will be the increase of orderly, sober, self-respectful conduct on the part of the people whom they specially address, and the diminution of drunkenness, idleness, and ignorance. Mr. Gladstone even proposed, in the Reform Bill of last session, to make the possession of a certain sum of money in a savings bank a qualification for the suffrage. That project is for the present at an end, and it may never be revived; but the solid good resulting from the Bill of 1861 remains, and will continue to increase. To Mr. Gladstone, as the great modern extender of the principle of savings banks, Mr. Lewins has dedicated this History of those institutions, and it must be admitted that he could not have presented his work to the public under the sanction of a more illustrious or a more appropriate name. Of the work itself, let us say at the outset that it deals very intelligently with an interesting and important subject, and that it fulfils the promise given in the previous production of the same author, "Her Majesty's Maids." Necessarily, it is less anecdotal than the earlier volume—less varied and picturesque in its details, less amusing, in short, and not so capable of literary treatment. But in many respects the subject matter is to the full as valuable, and Mr. Lewins has apparently spared no pains in getting together all available information. His style is sometimes a little ambitious, while in other parts—as in the references to Parliamentary debates—we find rather too much of what might be called sub-editorial work. But we read such a book for its facts, not for its manner, and in the hands of Mr. Lewins we feel sure of a laborious and careful investigation of the dry bones of the subject. No "History of Savings Banks" had been published previous to the present, and we think Mr. Lewins has demonstrated his right to retain possession of the ground.

Banks for the deposit of small sums are thought by some to have originated—at least, as far as this country is concerned, for it is a matter of dispute whether the germ of the idea was not previously developed on the Continent—in a scheme of the well-known writer, Priscilla Wakefield. She started an institution for the benefit of the poor at Tottenham in the year 1799. "Members paying, according to their age, certain sums per month, became entitled to a pension after sixty years of age: in case of sickness, four shillings a week; in case of extraordinary misfortune, a certain amount could be withdrawn; in case of death, a sum of money was allowed for the funeral." Honorary members were admitted, with a view to meeting deficiencies and current expences; and in 1801 a fund was added from which loans were made to those who had been members for six months. This was obviously more a benefit society than a savings bank; but ultimately a regular bank was established. The interest on the deposits was 5 per cent, and children were encouraged to put in their penny per month, which was kept for them, together with the interest, until the sum-total was required for apprenticing-fees, clothes, or other useful and fitting purposes. Before Priscilla Wakefield inaugurated her plan, however, though only the very year before, a benevolent clergyman at Wendover—Mr. Joseph Smith—associated with himself two of his richer parishioners, and circulated proposals for receiving the surplus moneys of the working population of the neighbourhood. The sum was not to be less than two-pence, and Mr. Smith and his friends undertook to keep a strict account of every deposit, and to repay the money during the winter season (this was in the summer of 1798), with the addition of one-third of the whole as interest. "Any depositor might receive his money before Christmas on demand; and it was further stipulated that, in case of sickness or loss of employment, these fruits of his savings should not preclude him from parish relief, if otherwise he could obtain it. A Christmas dinner was the com-

fortable addition to the good round sum which generally was garnered at this time, the dinner, too, being provided by the three directors." The experiment was carried on for several years; the number of subscribers averaged about sixty, and these altogether deposited from £5 to £10 every season. This, and Priscilla Wakefield's scheme, having given the idea of savings banks, and shown that it was a practicable thing to make even the poorest careful of their earnings, persons of position in the political world were not slow in taking up the conception, and seeking to apply it on a broader scale than was possible with private individuals. In 1807, Mr. Whitbread introduced his Poor Laws Amendment Bill into the House of Commons, and in the course of a long speech proposed the establishment of a great national institution, "in the nature of a bank for the use and advantage of the labouring classes alone;" the sums deposited to be from 20s. upwards, but not to exceed £20 in any one year, nor £200 in the whole amount. The money so received was to be invested in Government stock, in the name of commissioners, and interest was to be allowed at the highest rate possible. Strange to say, Mr. Whitbread even contemplated making use of the Post Office as a means of facilitating the operation of the proposed measure; and he also suggested that the same machinery might be employed for enabling persons in humble life to purchase annuities by the payment of stated regular sums up to a certain age, and for the insuring of lives. The scheme was greatly in advance of the public opinion of that day, and was, indeed, an anticipation of what has been carried out in our own times. Even the liberal *Edinburgh Review* ridiculed and condemned it, on the principle that the well-doing of the people was no concern of Governments or Legislatures; and the Bill, which was but lukewarmly supported in Parliament, was withdrawn towards the end of the session. In 1808, a servants' bank was opened at Bath, and proved so successful that seven years afterwards a Provident Institution was established in the same city, mainly through the exertions of Dr. Haygarth and the Marquis of Lansdowne. "This bank," says Mr. Lewins, "was essentially the first of its kind in this country, and upon its basis have been formed almost all subsequent banks of any note. The sums deposited were invested in the public funds, and each man's interest at this early period varied according to the price of the funds on the day when the investment was made for him." Our author, however, is inclined to give the highest credit for the origination of savings banks to the Rev. Mr. Duncan, a philanthropic Scotch clergyman, who in 1810 started an institution of this kind at Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. That Mr. Duncan was an excellent and most disinterested friend of the working classes, will not for a moment be denied, and that his scheme was very successful, and led to several similar banks in Scotland, is certain; but when we have evidence of the existence of previous banks at Wendover and Tottenham, in 1798 and 1799, and when we bear in mind the proposals of Mr. Whitbread in 1807, we can hardly agree with Mr. Lewins when he says that Mr. Duncan's exertions on behalf of savings banks "were much greater than those of any other person," and "entitle him to the foremost place in any history" of these establishments.

Consequent on the success of the banks to which we have adverted, several others were commenced in different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in 1817 the Right Hon. George Rose, at that time Treasurer of the Navy, and one of the Committee of Council for the Affairs of Trade and Foreign Plantations, carried through Parliament a Bill "to afford protection to banks for savings"—in fact, for placing them to some extent under a Government guarantee. This led to an enormous increase in the number of such banks in one year, and to the depositing in them of such immense sums of money that it became apparent that classes of far higher standing than the promoters of such banks designed to benefit were making use of them. This may in some cases have been from a wish to promote among the more ignorant a spirit of confidence in the equity and safety of the new institutions; but there can be little doubt that the motive with many was a desire to share in the exceptionally high rate of interest offered by the savings banks as reconstituted by the Act of 1817. This abuse was corrected by an Act passed in 1818, and many subsequent measures for the improvement of the laws relating to these banks have been sanctioned from that time to this. Concerning the distrust which existed with respect to them some fifty years ago, and the way in which the feeling was fostered by those who should have known better, Mr. Lewins gives some remarkable particulars:—

"In his 'New Year's Gift to Old George Rose,' Cobbett reminds Mr. Rose that, after all he had done for them, he had at length 'left Friendly Societies in the lurch, and taken to the bubble of Savings Banks.' Cobbett, however, said that he could see through the change, and he shows the amount of his penetration by such argument as the following:—In 'friendly societies Mr. Rose found that 'the members got drunk and talked—the naughty rogues.' Yes, and even politics too! And it might have been added," continues the writer and proprietor of the *Register*, "that they very frequently heard one of their number read—the *Register*!" The objects of Savings Banks, or at any rate Parliamentary interference with them, was nothing else, Cobbett considered, "than to get the pennies of the poor together, but to keep their owners asunder." "What a bubble!" repeats Cobbett. Then, addressing Mr. Rose in the first person, he tells him how, in his opinion, "the company of projectors who, in the reign of George I., wanted a charter granted to them for the purpose of making deal boards out of sawdust, just saves you from the imputation of having, in the Savings Bank scheme, been the patron of the most ridiculous

\* A History of Banks for Savings in Great Britain and Ireland. Including a Full Account of the Origin and Progress of Mr. Gladstone's Financial Measure, for Post-Office Banks, Government Annuities, and Government Life Insurances. By William Lewins, Author of "Her Majesty's Maids." London: Sampson Low, S. & Marston.

project that ever entered into the mind of man.' Another person of Mr. Cobbett's stamp, though one who aspired to greater knowledge of all questions connected with trade and currency, and who really paid closer attention to such subjects, was Mr. Thomas Attwood—'Currency Attwood,' or 'Little Shilling Attwood,' as he was variously designated in some parts of the country. Whenever he could get an opportunity in Parliament to speak of Savings Banks, we have seen that he invariably clothed his ideas in a vocabulary of prejudiced invective. And he repeated himself outside the walls of the House whenever he had the chance. 'Savings Banks,' we find him saying on one occasion, 'besides costing the nation so much, were a nuisance;' 'Savings Banks were a sort of screw in the hands of the Government to fix down the working classes to the system.' On these expressions, and others of a like tendency, as texts, those minor demagogues who went 'on stump,' preached for many a day. Considering how such men treated the institution of Savings Banks, it is wonderful that they progressed as they did. That they kept many from using these institutions is beyond a doubt. Such men had a surprising power over the labouring classes, and though that power was often used for good, too often it only excited distrust and apprehension when distrust and fear were least needed and most dangerous. The true friends of the poor—and there have been many such at all times—said, in effect, 'We have reason to believe that much money now spent unnecessarily might be saved for seasons of want and old age, if the poor had the means offered them of putting that money by easily, safely, and profitably. We have exerted ourselves to get such places established, we give our best exertions to have them conducted properly, and we advise all who have money to spare to intrust it in this safe keeping.' Cobbett, on the other hand, put his printers to work to say, 'What a bubble! At a time when it is notorious that one half of the whole nation are in a state little short of actual starvation—when it is notorious that hundreds of thousands of families do not know, when they rise, where they are to find a meal during the day—when of the far greater part of the whole people much more than half of them are paupers; at such a time, to bring forth a project for collecting the savings (!) of journeymen and labourers in order to be lent to Government, and to form a fund for the support of the lenders in sickness and old age!' It would be idle to show the fallacy of such reasoning, even admitting the facts of the case to be as they are here stated."

In Lancashire, a very extravagant fear took possession of people's minds, and was made the subject of a question in the House of Commons in 1819:—

"Mr. Wilbraham, a Lancashire member, asked Mr. Vansittart if there was 'any tittle of truth' in the reports that were so prevalent 'that Government was about to seize the funds of the friendly societies and savings banks, and apply them to the payment of the National Debt.' This report," said the hon. member, 'had been caught up by persons little conversant in political matters, and had actually caused the breaking up of friendly societies, to the great loss of those who had claims upon them.' He had no doubt the course of legislation had led to this report being circulated by designing persons, and though quite aware that it was impossible for the Government to touch any of these funds, he would like to hear a declaration on the subject from the authority which in that House was alone competent to give it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that even after much experience of the extent to which malignity and absurdity could go in the propagation of reports injurious to the Ministry, he had not been prepared for such a rumour as this. 'It was utterly groundless; there was not the smallest foundation for it, either in fact or possibility. Under the authority of Parliament, the money belonging to the institutions in question was kept entirely apart from the public money, and even if the Treasury were base enough, they had not the power to misappropriate these funds. Mr. Brougham observed that this was not the first time that such reports had been circulated, and such absurd cries raised. When the Education Committee was sitting, it was asserted that its intention was to seize all charitable funds, and to turn the two Universities into charity schools. In such cases as these facts or reason on such reports were very ineffectual, but he hoped that in this particular instance they would be of some avail."

The *Times* of those days, which, like the *Times* of these, was generally in the wrong with regard to political and social reforms, also opposed the new banks with great bitterness, but fortunately with no success. It should be recollected, however, in justice to these objectors, that in 1819 the Ministry and the people were vehemently opposed to one another, and that the latter had, on many grounds, good reason to suspect the former; that it was a time when Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh were doing their best to introduce Austrian principles of government into this country; that, as Cobbett pointed out, grievous distress prevailed throughout England; and that, as a rule, the rich and powerful had done little to warrant them in demanding from the poor unlimited trust and confidence. No doubt, Cobbett and his friends were prejudiced and wrong in this particular; but it would not be fair to judge them by the standard of the present day, as Mr. Lewins seems inclined to do. Nothing more clearly shows the progress that has been made within the last half century than the spirit of mutual reliance which has sprung up between Governments and peoples—between the few who are rich, and the many who look to the educated and wealthy classes for support and guidance.

Mr. Lewins devotes a chapter to "Savings Bank Frauds," and a melancholy chapter it is. One of the first instances of a fraud of any great magnitude in connection with the deposits of the poor, was the famous Cuffe-street case, discovered in Dublin in 1831. Dunn, the actuary, managed to embezzle the money at his disposal through a series of years, and in this way appropriated several thousand pounds. He was a highly religious man, like Redpath, and was greatly respected until the discovery of his rascalities turned the current of opinion against him. Many of the unfor-

tunate depositors, being people in the humblest ranks of life, were utterly ruined by this oily scoundrel, and the very principle of savings banks, was damaged for a time. In 1835 a great fraud was discovered in connection with the St. Alban's branch of the Hertford Savings Bank. The agent here was the Rev. Mr. Small, who contrived to make away with £24,000. These frauds struck so much terror into the trustees, who were obliged, to the extent of their means, to make good the losses, that they demanded an alteration of the law, by which they should be excused from liability; and in the year 1844 the Government of Sir Robert Peel was obliged to make the concession. This, however, was felt to involve a great hardship to the depositors, and the Government Bill of 1863 provided that due payment should be made out of the Consolidated Fund of any deficiency. Since the first legislation in connection with Savings Banks, which, as we have seen, took place in 1817, the amount of deposits has enormously increased, though of course there have been fluctuations, owing to periods of commercial depression, or to the alarm consequent on embezzlement; and the five years that have elapsed since the passing of the Post Office Savings Bank Bill have shown how right Mr. Gladstone was in his anticipations of the good effect of that measure. In this, however, as in other matters of detail, we must refer the reader who desires specific proofs to the very suggestive and valuable work with which Mr. Lewins has now favoured the public.

#### THE OBERLAND AND ITS GLACIERS.\*

MR. GEORGE and his photographic companion, Mr. Ernest Edwards, deserve the greatest credit for producing this attractive volume. The labour which must have attended their efforts to secure good views of the details of glacier scenery can only be understood by those who have discovered how difficult it is to drag even themselves, without any encumbrances such as a camera and chemicals, into the wild fields of wonder so faithfully reproduced by Mr. Edwards' skill. And though Mr. George's narrative is unaffectedly free from indications of danger faced in the course of their adventurous wanderings, it is evident that a good deal of sterling bravery was required to get comparatively clumsy apparatus into position for taking off a few of the scenes here put before us with all the accuracy of that most accurate of painters, the sun. Mr. Edwards confesses, indeed, in the interesting "Notes by the Photographer" appended to Mr. George's narrative, that one or two of the most *recherché* photographs were not captured without some little risk. It was worth an effort and some amount of danger, to procure the charming representations of an active and an extinct *moulin* which appear in these pages, setting before the unlearned in such matters something of the appearance of those strange profound pits in the ice down which the surface glacier-streams plunge in full body, with a suggestive roar which must be heard to be conceived. In order to obtain a view of the extinct *moulin*, a way had to be cut in the ice, and both camera and artist had to be held (the latter by his coat-tails) for fear of both disappearing for ever, a catastrophe which would have deprived the reading world of a great deal of pleasure. The ingeniously compact arrangement of tent and chemicals, which appears to have been due to Mr. Edwards' native ingenuity, will be well worth the study of any one who meditates a photographic tour, and the construction of a certain "cupboard" in which plates were on occasion kept wet for three days, would no doubt be willingly explained by its inventor more completely than he has attempted to describe it in his "notes." The value of such an arrangement can scarcely be overrated, when it is remembered with what labour and difficulty pure water is carried above the snow line, and how scanty a supply can be provided by artificial means at the top of mountains like the Torrenthorn and Sparrenhorn, whence Mr. Edwards obtained panoramic views of the neighbouring heights, with their snows and glaciers. The view of the Ober Aletsch glacier, taken from the latter of the mountains mentioned, is one of the most remarkable among the many marvellous photographs which Mr. George's volume contains, and such readers as are unable to climb and see for themselves must be especially grateful for the courage and skill with which the dangers of the rocks and ice, and the difficulties of conveying water, have been met and overcome, the result being an amount of information respecting glacial phenomena which such persons could never otherwise have acquired. Of course, to say that a photograph fails to reproduce the full splendours of the Alps, the glorious satin sheen of swelling hills and hillocks of snow, the innumerable delicate colours of the rocks and of the various depths of shade, the many-twinkling smile of a sunlit glacier, is but to say that photography is photography. We all know how much—or how little, rather—we may fairly expect from a photograph; and all that the art, as at present developed, can do has been done by Messrs. Edwards and George. Whether a time will come when our successors shall look back upon our photographic efforts with the pitying, wondering air with which we turn to old illustrations in books, it is impossible to determine; but there is much reason to hope that something more instinct with the life of nature than has so far been produced will before long reward the investigations of many painstaking experimentalists in this field. As it is, a photograph is a cold dead thing, but those who bring us accurate similitudes of the corpses of

\* The Oberland and its Glaciers, Explored and Illustrated with Ice-Axe and Camera. By H. B. George, M.A., F.R.G.S., Editor of the *Alpine Journal*. London: Bennett.

the Alps give us no very inadequate idea of what the living mountains are. At any rate, it is, on the whole, the best that can at present be done.

The letter-press of Mr. George's book contains a variety of matter, from scientific disquisitions on the theory of glacier motion and moral reflections on the course of life, down to relations of the adventures met with by a mixed party of ladies and gentlemen during exalted picnics and a night bivouac among the rocks and ice. In his theory, Mr. George professes himself a firm believer in Professor Tyndall, whose "Glaciers of the Alps" is the classical book on the subject. Those who have read Professor Tyndall's book will fail to find anything new in the present volume under the head of glacial theory, and indeed the preface confesses the author's entire indebtedness to his predecessor's work. It is needless to say that the unfortunate "viscous theory" with which Principal Forbes has been credited, and for which he has been dragged through so much mire, finds no favour with Mr. George, whose theory depends on the absolute brittleness of ice, and its curious power of regelation under pressure. Some of Tyndall's most interesting public experiments have been those in which he has formed shapes of solid ice, like so many pats of butter, merely by squeezing powdered ice hard in box-wood moulds. So that, instead of the steady onward flow of a glacier being due to its viscosity, as lava or tar or mud might roll down a mountain side, the movement is due originally to pressure from above, applied by the weight of the vast superincumbent masses of ice and snow at the high levels where the reservoirs are formed, and the flow derives its steadiness and its self-accommodating character from the ease with which the ice of glaciers can be powdered internally, and by pressure remoulded into the shape which is required by the special local circumstances of that part of the valley where a convulsion takes place. It is this property, called forth by enormous pressure, which heals up vast crevasses, and enables a glacier to sweep, all but unbroken in some cases, round sharp projecting buttresses which divert the course of the stream. The rate of the continuous downward motion which this most brittle of substances is thus enabled to accomplish, varies very considerably with the inclination of the valley, and perhaps with the magnitude of the original reservoir; it is much slower, moreover, in winter than in summer, as might naturally have been expected. On an average of the whole year, few glaciers hitherto measured move more than 700 feet per annum, and many move very much less rapidly. It took rather more than forty years for the remains of Dr. Hamel's guides to pass down, with the ice in which they were unfathomably imbedded, from the head of the Grand Plateau to the outlet at the Glacier des Bossons, where they were found three or four years since; and it speaks volumes for the sagacity of Principal Forbes that he long ago told the Chamouni guides, years before the rate of glacier motion had been observed so carefully as it now has been, that they must look out for signs of the comrades' bodies and accoutrements at the end of about forty years from the time of the accident.

There is no subject in connection with glaciers which has excited more speculation and controversy than that of the phenomenon of "the veined structure." Here and there among the whitish ice of which glaciers are usually composed—whitish on account of the interpenetration of air among the original masses of snow—there appear thin vertical plates of beautifully blue ice, with almost no admixture whatever of air. Each theorist has accounted for the presence of these blue veins, or vertical plates, in accordance with the requirements of his theory—Forbes on the viscous principle, and Tyndall by referring to the brittleness of ice. The latter philosopher finds a close analogy between these planes and the planes of cleavage which are so invaluable in slaty rocks. These planes of cleavage are allowed to be due to intense pressure, and are of necessity formed perpendicular to the line of greatest pressure. Pressure, therefore, Professor Tyndall—and, of course, Mr. George—holds, in combination with some abstruse law of crystallization which is not as yet fairly realized, must account for the blue veins in glacier ice. It has often been asserted that the planes of airless ice mark the stratification of successive annual deposits of snow in the highest reservoirs, but the objection that in that case the veining would be horizontal, and not vertical, has seemed to be fatal to this theory. Mr. Whymper, of Matterhorn celebrity, has been among those who have not accepted in full Tyndall's views, and he has been engaged during the present summer—a most inclement summer among the high Alps—in curious experiments upon the formation and structure of glaciers. He gave the members of the British Association at Nottingham some account of his experiments, which, owing to wretched weather and wretched workmen, proved to be rather a failure than otherwise, so far as providing any invincible proof of Mr. Whymper's theory was concerned. His plan was to cut a deep trench at the fountain-head of a glacier, and see in what state the snow or ice might be at various depths. The site chosen was the summit of the Col de Valpelline, whence glaciers stream on one side down to Zermatt, and on the opposite side towards Italy. After digging more than twenty feet, and finding nothing but annual layers of snow, more and more confused as further depth was attained, and showing intermediate thin layers of ice, he arrived on the last day at a depth where vertical glacification had evidently commenced. If the weather had but been less utterly inclement, or the three hired labourers but a little less worthless, greater certainty might have been achieved; but Mr. Whymper believes that, so far as one experiment can be said to prove anything, he has established the fact of horizontal stratification in the highest regions. This

horizontal stratification is not to be detected in the lower parts of the glaciers, but there is instead the phenomenon of the veined structure. How, as Mr. George puts it, the glaciers can have been turned on end, so as to make the horizontal vertical, and to allow the identity of the annual stratification with the blue veining, it is difficult to see. Mr. George wrote, however, before Mr. Whymper's discovery was made known, and he might have somewhat modified his views had he been acquainted with the facts now observed. Mr. Whymper speaks of the veined structure not as vertical, or generally so, but as standing at every possible angle—a discrepancy on which the probability of his theory evidently depends. Every one allows that the blue planes do "stand at every possible angle" with the line of motion of the glacier, but observers previous to Mr. Whymper have for the most part treated these planes as approximately vertical in the large majority of cases.

We cannot close our notice of this book without remarking on the moderate language in which Mr. George describes the more difficult of the expeditions made by the climbing portion of his party. It is a quality not observable in the writings of some of his brethren of the Alpine Club, and the pages of the journal which he edits have, on some occasions, rather erred in this respect. We could have wished, however, that in writing on "dangers," he had not refined so much on the accurate meaning of the word "danger," as to run some risk of misleading ignorant climbers as to the reality of the thing itself. It may be very true in theory that "a place is improperly called dangerous, where an accident resulting from causes within human control will probably involve very serious consequences—for instance, a slope of ice on which a party is moving by means of cut steps, and where the fall of any one may carry the others to destruction,"—but it is useless and worse than useless to argue against the employment of the epithet "dangerous" in such a case. When a man slips, and carries a whole party helplessly down to the brow of a precipice, over which they plunge, we suspect it is no comfort to any one of the party to feel, as they sweep down to destruction, that, after all, the danger they had fatally failed to overcome, was improperly called danger, and should in accuracy have been more philosophically described. Young men who read this sentence, and bear it in their minds, may possibly act upon it rather too literally when they meet with the given case in practice.

#### A BOOK OF VIEWS.\*

It would be an interesting task to trace the course of English Essay-writing, say from the time of Sir Thomas Browne to the present, when Matthew Browne gives us his "Views and Opinions." The essay reflects the period more distinctly, even in its manner, than any other species of composition. In it we find, or ought to find, current and circulating thoughts turned by the essayist to his own uses, but still preserving the colour of the age. Poetry, lyrical, descriptive, or satirical, is bound by rules, or by the necessities of art, to keep in provinces outside which the essayist may ramble at will: in fact, the charm of the essay is the free, unshackled naturalness of it, and the license which the reader shares with the author. In this very direction, however, lies its danger. The old writers made the essay a sort of museum for quaint conceits, into which they brought you, and showed with reverend care the various labels they had fixed over the pagan ideas. Addison retained some of these characteristics, but in a slight degree. Among the "Connoisseurs" and "Tatlers" we find little or none of it. Those are followed unconsciously by a few of our contemporary essayists. We often meet a paper without either bone or muscle, but containing a sort of forcible feebleness, in the course of which prurient points are opened, and a bit of sneaking impurity indulged in, which carries a good many people, who are anxious for more of it, to the end of the chapter. The Lamb and Leigh Hunt style has disappeared. This is in a measure to be regretted, although both those men were too distinctive to form easy models; but they possessed as much fancy and humour as would stimulate an imitator at least into a literary vivacity. What we have to complain of is the deluge of purposeless essays which keeps pouring from the press, and the absence of imagination, and even of mind, in them. The fact is, that journalism has, by a necessity of the times, become very much a trade, and journalists are hurried into the production of a kind of material which can scarcely be termed literature. People, however, accept it as such, and often because the dishes of bad meat set before them are seasoned beyond a recognition of their inferior qualities. Besides, a false fashion has set in as to the composition of essays. It is not considered, for example, quite correct to be sparkling. A uniform dullness, lit up here and there with a slow match, which the writer lays down to fire off his joke—a foppish giggle—and a careful eschewing of any instructive tendency, distinguish most of these dreary professional speculators. Then you see at once they are at business—filling up a column or two, and groaning at the effort; or, worse again, doing the job with an aggravating facility, and whistling, as it were, over the slovenly work.

The principle upon which these gentlemen move seems to be that to write at all is quite enough, and that to put thought into the writing is not to be expected from them. Smartness is not evidence of intellect; and, from the way the word has been recently used, we are almost tempted to say it is evidence of vacancy, of complete emptiness. Your smart writer is beyond measure intolerable. We

\* Views and Opinions. By Matthew Browne. London: Alexander Strahan.

rejoice to notice that his day is passing quickly; but the worst of it is that he has an opposite almost as bad as himself. Soft-headed twaddle has its professors too, chiefly, however, in religious papers, although we have paid a half-crown for it when purchasing a magazine of secular influence and tendencies. Then there are the writers of Carlylese. Those children of the mist know the value of words extremely well, but they never entertain an idea. One would almost as soon expect to find a tumbler, while standing on his head, lecture succinctly upon the origin of species, as a gentleman of this school, when once fairly started, rendering himself intelligible. Emerson is an exception—for Emerson is unquestionably an author; but the host of mud-turtle philosophers who descant on things in general amongst us are not authors. They can impart nothing, and, to use a choice phrase of their master, with them "wind-bagism" is all-in-all. Have we, then, the reader may ask, a good class of essayists anywhere, a class informed with the genius and spirit of the century? We have. "Guesses at Truth," a work now too much shelved, was a thoroughly representative book. There, in short paragraphs, you caught those subtle glimpses into depths of emotion which reveal new experiences to us, and widen ever afterwards our very habits of reflection. Coleridge's "Friend" is wonderfully suggestive in this respect also; and Southey's "Doctor," full as it is of forced oddities, contains the seeds of many novel views. The worth of these books is not limited to the type, or to the words set in the type; but it is by the power they possess of putting live germs into the mind of the reader that we are to value them. "Rice prepared for commerce will not grow," as Archbishop Whately remarked when toying with the structure of Robinson Crusoe; and we may apply the expression to market-prepared writing, in which the opinions are parched and kiln dried, and in which the germinating qualities are utterly destroyed. We do not mean to assert that to write for money is to write badly; on the contrary, we believe that amateur writing is generally worthless; but beyond a doubt literature is held by a supreme law not to be altogether bound by the rules of the chapman, and that law is the law of its own being—as literature. There is only one instance that appears to contradict this view, and Sir Walter Scott represents it; but how many cases may we adduce within the last few years where the first successful effort of a writer was followed with an indecent haste by a second grasp at popularity in which the object was apparent and unfortunate? Art will win at the finish, and sensationalism carries with it its own corrective. So, too, with essays, dishonest essays, made and spun of worthless material—shoddy or poor cotton mixed with a little wool stolen from other sheep. Those now before us are of another kind. There is an impressive air of purpose and of truth about them. The integrity of the views, the author's own faith in them, the decided manner in which he seals them with his personality, indicates that he is not piecing a useless mosaic, or offering goody sweet-stuff, or publishing, in short, a collection of notions in which he has no belief or trust himself. He is not for those who love clap-trap. You must stand with him, on the edge, so to speak, of the material world, and take alternate views of the purer, and the grosser, sphere. He illustrates one by the other. Here are things as they are, here are things as they seem to a mood half poetical, half practical and serious. Lamb, we believe, termed the district in which Matthew Browne appears at home the "border land"—a place which he hints, by the bye, a Scotchman was incapable of recognising. Matthew Browne is agreeably shy of disclosing the fact, but you can see at once that he has wooed and been favoured by the Muse. Not that he ever brings out that much-injured creature to indulge before us in those demonstrations of bad taste which resemble conjugal endearments before company; but there is a quiet sense of power in reserve, and of insight—a commanding silence, and sudden illuminating epithets which unexpectedly put whole pages in a glow of tender and beautiful light—which bespeaks the poet. There is no prosiness in this prose. And yet both his "views" and "opinions" are practical enough. They are practical enough to render a man wiser, but not to render him sharper. If it be wisdom to know the more intimate sources and links of common affairs—not the outer aspects, but the core of them,—Matthew Browne helps to that knowledge. And here he ought to find an audience. Men of the world often only know half the world. They are prevented by a kind of false shame, or by a natural and perfectly-reasonable disgust of mere emotion-mongers from looking into the world of books and of thought. They cannot bear to contemplate sentimentality, and it seems to them sentimental to drop into a mood which would dispose them to a certain dreaminess of reflection.

Now there is a reason for this which Matthew Browne, in his essay on the subject, omits to mention. Business men have at the present time about as much to think of directly connected with their pursuits as their minds can well hold, and as a rule they have no desire to multiply mental experiences, which may possibly entail an amount of sensitiveness that will render them liable to pain. But there is no question whatever, that without sentiment of some kind life will be arid or putrescent. Mr. Ruskin, in his wild attempt to introduce it into political economy, was not quite so mad as he appeared. We do not think it would be impossible to prove the *policy* of sentiment, and that even in purchasing stock, or in going into the share market, it might be turned to account. Here we do not intend to make the attempt, but we may suggest that every great discovery and invention which admits of logical proof was almost invariably the product of a turn of mind which the discoverer could not trace to a logical influence, and that a mind opened by culture of whatever sort receives an ad-

vanced knowledge on subjects apparently remote from the course of instruction. Your matter-of-fact man, we are inclined to believe, never becomes a millionaire: he may become rich; but the highest success in any pursuit argues a concentration of forces drawn from as many quarters as contain influences over the passions, the appetites, and the feelings of others. To get at these, human nature must be studied in its totality, and there is no description of written or unwritten knowledge which will not be found serviceable for the purpose.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

It is a pleasure to meet with so simple and touching a story as that of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," especially to one who has had much experience of the wearisome and unnatural narratives which so many writers of the present day inflict upon a long-suffering public. It is indeed a relief to turn from the sickly swamps and howling wastes of sensational romance to a pleasant English scene on which pure sunlight falls, while healthy breezes play around it; one, moreover, which is tenanted by human beings for whom we can entertain an honest liking, and for whose society we may feel the better—not by monstrosities and chimeras disguised under the semblance of men and women, nor by a criminal population of forgers, murderers, and bigamists. The "New Writer," whose maiden work has now been republished from the columns of *All the Year Round*, has many of the qualities which a novelist requires in order to command success. She can tell a story clearly and forcibly, bringing its incidents vividly before the eyes of her readers, and enabling them to maintain their interest in it to the end; she has considerable insight into character, and can reproduce before the eyes of others the images which her experience and fancy combine in offering to her mental vision; she has the natural delicacy of feeling and refinement of thought which contrast so strongly with their artificial imitations, and she writes in a pleasant, easy style, free from anything like pretentious grandiloquence on the one side, or careless slovenliness on the other. The plot of her story is very simple, with no surprises in it, and not many events. "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" contains the account of a sorrow which has tried many hearts in all ages, and will continue to do so throughout all time. The author of "A Lost Love" has told the same story very pathetically before, but it is one which cannot well be injured by repetition, so infinite are its shades of variety, so closely does it always come home to the hearts of its hearers. We are introduced to a quiet homestead, in which two orphan sisters are brought up by a kindly uncle and aunt, their childhood passing away happily, its sunlight chequered by but few shadows. As they grow up to womanhood, a new personage is introduced upon the scene—a young engineer named Horace Lee, pleasing in appearance and manner, amiable in disposition, but fatally weak of will. He falls in love with Margaret, the teller of the story, who is a shy, reticent girl, and who never ventures to let him know how thoroughly she worships him, even after she has accepted his proposal of marriage. But her sister Anna, whose will is as strong as her temper is impetuous, loves Horace with all the force of a wild, undisciplined nature, and never rests until she has stolen him from Margaret. The latter submits to her fate, and gives up her lover, though not without a struggle, the effects of which leave a lasting impression on her heart. For a time, love and duty distract her by their conflicting claims; but at length she is able to overcome her feelings, and to obey what she considers to be the dictates of her conscience. She never recovers from the shock she has undergone sufficiently to be able to love another; but her after-life is not unhappy, and she settles at last into a peaceful and contented old age. Anna's marriage, meanwhile, brings with it nothing but trouble and disaster, so that the moral of the book is altogether unimpeachable. The chief charm of the story lies in its perfect simplicity and truthfulness. There is an air of thorough reality about the scenes in which the child Margaret takes her doll into the porch and incurs thereby the wrath of Stock, the crabbed old gardener—in which the girl Margaret first becomes aware that Horace, whose life has gradually become bound up with hers, really cares for her, and in which she tells her sister of her promised happiness; and the same may be said about many another beside. The dreariness of soul which comes upon her when the object of her life is taken away is admirably described, and so is the eventual return of cheerfulness to her mind, when the struggle has long been past, and time has dulled the edge of sorrow. Nor is humour wanting, the usual companion of true pathos. Glimpses of it are revealed every here and there, as in the descriptions of pompous, blundering old Mr. Lee, Horace's father, and of the cross old gardener, with his unpleasant religious opinions, and his perpetual denunciations of his stolid juvenile assistant. The only drawback to the merit of the book, is the straightforward way in which defects of character lead to physical misery. The moral is a little too nakedly set forth. The bad people are all reduced to poverty and penitence; the good ones come in for fat legacies, as well as the bliss which an easy conscience confers. Anna is not only punished for her bad temper and selfishness, but is compelled to repent in great humility. In real life she would, in all probability, have died as she had lived, fully believing herself in the right to the end, and

\* Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By a New Writer. One vol. London: Chapman & Hall.

Cradock Nowell. A Tale of the New Forest. By R. D. Blackmore. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

abusing her sister to the last. Horace, also, is a little too weak-minded for reality. But we can afford to overlook these slight defects in consideration of the great merits of the story, one which even a hardened critic can scarcely read without feeling affected by its simple pathos. It may be that it is but a remembrance, the result of a life's experience, and in that case we may never receive another record from the same source; but, if it be not so, and its truth is mainly due to artistic sympathy and instinct, then we may confidently expect to obtain much in future years from the hand of the "new writer" to whom we are indebted for the story of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

"Craddock Nowell" is one of the most provoking books we ever read. The spectacle of a good man struggling with unmerited misfortune may afford a pleasure even to the gods; but the sight of a novelist recklessly wasting great powers, fruitlessly beating the air with frantic blows, and wilfully cutting the throat of his literary reputation, is one on which even the most sardonic of reviewers must gaze with regret. Mr. Blackmore has many merits as a writer, but he negatives them by the follies in which he indulges, and of which he seems to be inordinately proud. He possesses the rare gift of originality, and yet he degrades himself by servile imitation. He has true pathos at his command, and can, when he pleases, touch the hearts of his readers by the expression of real feeling; but he prefers to rant in a style worthy of a transpontine dramatist. His natural style is delightful, but he evidently despises it, using it only for describing ordinary events; when he comes to what he considers the grand passages of the story, he tells them in a manner at times reminding us of the babbling of an idiot, at others of the ravings of a maniac. There are fragments of chapters in "Craddock Nowell" which are thoroughly charming—little prose idyls worthy of the highest praise; we turn the page, and at once find ourselves condemned to a world of frothy nonsense, difficult to read, hard to comprehend, and utterly, hopelessly unprofitable. Mr. Blackmore might have made the tale of the New Forest one for which we should have been grateful; he has chosen to write it in hysterics, and the consequence is that it is unreadable. Some one has been accused of "screaming at the great facts of Creation," and the charge may very reasonably be brought against Mr. Blackmore. When he is indignant, he loses all power of articulate utterance, and gives vent to his feelings in what can only be described as screeches. Unless he can be cured of this habit, we can expect little that is really good from him; if he will only condescend to correct his faults, and especially to desist from straining after impossible effects, he may yet favour us with a story which it will be a real pleasure not only to read, but to remember.

The plot of "Craddock Nowell" is simply absurd. From beginning to end, its incidents are as improbable as its characters are unreal, and its sentiments dubious. There is not a natural human being in the book; not a man, woman, or child figures in it, whom we are likely to meet with in this world of ours, nor one who seems instinct with life. They all move by jerks, and have the appearance of puppets worked by machinery. There is no repose about them; they are always in violent action, constantly suffering from mental spasms, perpetually being vexed by passionate whirlwinds. No commonplace people are allowed to enter their circle; each of them is an "original," and always acts and speaks in character. The hero is, perhaps, the least eccentric of the party. One of the twin sons of Sir Craddock Nowell, a baronet of broad acres and ancient lineage, is brought up as the heir to the estate, being supposed to have entered the world a few seconds before his brother, Clayton. The day before he comes of age, the doctor who assisted at his birth, comes suddenly forward, and proves that he is the younger son, a mistake having been made by the nurse in distinguishing between her twin charges. Accordingly, the brothers change positions in the most amicable manner; but the same evening Clayton is found dead in a wood, and it is presumed that Craddock must have shot him. A verdict of accidental death is returned by the jury who sit on the corpse; but a suspicion of murder clings around Craddock, whose father accordingly disowns him. The supposed fratricide changes his name, goes through a series of extraordinary adventures, and eventually returns to his home, to find his character entirely cleared, and his way to happiness made secure. The real murderer is a kind of human volcano or New Forest Titan, Bull Garnet by name, who is apparently intended to represent the struggle between the good and bad attributes of the soul of man, when each is in excess, and all are warring with each other. He kills Clayton Nowell in a fit of passion, and then repents bitterly, scourging himself in the wilds of the forest by way of penance, and afterwards going into paroxysms of wrath and remorse up to the very last chapter. His daughter Pearl is prettily described, but his son Bob, whose whole heart is set upon beetles, is a mere illustration, and a dull one, of scarabæic mania. Indeed, all the persons to whom Mr. Blackmore introduces us are far more likely to be found in the wards of a lunatic asylum than anywhere else, and unfortunately their companionship leaves behind it an air of bewilderment which may well arouse in the reader's mind a horrible suspicion of his own sanity. But it is not so much against Mr. Blackmore's characters that we wish to protest, as against the exaggerated style of his writing, and the detestable attempts at humour with which he imagines that he enlivens his pages. Were he an inferior writer, it would not be worth our while to dwell on his defects; but as he is a man of real talent and power, we may as well take the trouble to point out a few of his most glaring outrages on common sense and good taste. One of his foibles, for instance, is to show off his learning, which is really considerable. Mr. Blackmore is a good scholar, as he has

proved by his thoroughly admirable translation of the "Georgics." But it is mere pedantry to tell us in a novel, especially one of which the admirers will be chiefly feminine, that "Rufus felt like the dwarf Alypius when he had stodged Iamblichus;" or to write—"All of us who are lucky enough, I believe we may say good enough, to want no temporal augment from the prefix of society, only to cling upon the tree to the second aorist of our children, wherein the root of the man lurks, the grand indefinite so anomalous." Another of his weaknesses is for abominably bad puns, as when he speaks of giving a bone to a dog—"the main bone of the three (summum bonum from a canine point of view) . . . but a purely illusory bonus,"—or remarks, "For to us men a baby is neuter, a heterogeneous vocable, unluckily indeclinable." We spare the reader any further instances of so fearful a verbal depravity. A third crime to which Mr. Blackmore must plead guilty is that of writing what he supposes to be philosophy, but what in reality is sheer nonsense. He is a great deal too fond of babbling about "all the weak gregarious tricks, shifts of coat, and pupa-ism, whereby we noble Christians reduce our social history to a passage in entomology, and quench the faith of thinking men in Him whose name we take in vain—the great Originator—all these feminine contradictions, and fond things foully invented, fables Atellan (if they be not actually Fescennine)." He is equally given to indulge in what he means to be forcible or humorous expressions, which, however, do not strike us as being very valuable or facetious. We could dispense with the information that blasphemy sometimes "got inside the door, blew its nose, and was infidelity," or that in the country alone we are conscious of "the frank palm of the hand of God—for in cities we get His knuckles;" and we see little fun in such jocose writing as this:—"As for the slugs, oh, don't let me hear of them. Though the thieves had not all got home yet, they were ten degrees too cold for even an oyster-catcher's stomach; feathers and pip, my dear fellow, it gives me the colic to think of one;" or the following gem taken from a description of a cashmere waistcoat:—"But the front, the front—oh, bangles and jiminy! it is miles beyond me to describe it." We might multiply such instances tenfold, but what we have quoted will be sufficient to bear out our remarks. Before parting with Mr. Blackmore's book, let us call attention to one of its greatest merits. It contains a number of pictures taken from nature which are admirable. Mr. Blackmore has carefully studied the scenery of the forest and the sea-shore, and he has given us some descriptions of both, which are really exquisite. His account of the storm, in the second volume, is one of the truest and most vivid we ever read. The sea, the sky, the clouds, the waves, are brought before our eyes with wonderful power; it is only when he turns from them to the human beings they affect, that he becomes false and unnatural. His book is well worth reading, for the sake of the landscapes it contains; if they were peopled with reasonable beings, there would be few scenes on which the eye would more gladly rest.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.\*

AMONG the many intellectual privileges claimed by the French is an unrivalled mastery of style. They read English works—if they read them—for the sake of their intrinsic value only, but never on account of the pleasure afforded by an elegant style. The most recent evidence of this fact is to be found in M. Scherer's "Etude sur la Littérature Contemporaine." The author, whilst acknowledging that there exists less "liberty of style" in England than in other countries, the eighteenth century having accomplished for the former what the century of Louis XIV. has done for France, still declares that England has no men of genius who formed the language, and whose writings have left deep and permanent traces behind them. The consequence is, that the English language is less settled, and its prose less perfect, than the French. "Addison," he continues, "is an elegant writer, Southey a pure one, and Macaulay an incomparable rhéteur; but we should look in vain among English authors for a whole school of accomplished prose writers such as those who form the glory of French literature. The English write sufficiently well; but their style does not reach a degree of excellence. At the present moment, on the other side of the Channel, there is not a single author whom people read for the pleasure of style and the gratification of taste. In a word, prose-writing there, is not an art—a circumstance which arises from the fact that the conditions of style are there different from what they are in France." What are these conditions of style, which make the prose of French authors superior to the prose of English or German authors? How does it come to pass that the French exclusively enjoy the privilege of fixed canons of style and good taste? These queries are answered by M. Scherer, with an evident patriotic bias in the

\* Etude sur la Littérature Contemporaine. Troisième Série. Par M. Edmond Scherer. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. London: Asher & Co.  
Le Turco. Par M. Edmond About. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.  
Le Divorce. Par André Leo. Paris: Lacroix et Verboeckhoven. London: Nutt.  
Le Droit de l'Épée. Par M. Gaston Lavalley. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.  
Inspiration de Voyage. Par M. L. Goujon. Paris: Didier. London: Nutt.  
Cimes et Vallons. Par M. Aug. de Vaucelle. Paris: Sartorius. London: Asher & Co.  
Les Elévations. Par M. E. des Essarts. Paris: Librairie du Petit Journal. London: Nutt.  
Le Portfeuille Intime. Par M. Joseph Boulmier. Paris: Firmin Didot. London: Hachette & Co.

following explanation:—"A long tradition, established by numerous precedents and great models, has produced the effect of fixing our language more than any other modern tongue. One could not find in any other country a dictionary similar to our own 'Dictionnaire de l'Académie,' which does not confine itself to determining the words in use, but tells us at the same time in what connection those words may be employed, which constructions they will admit of or reject. The French language is, in some respects, composed of ready-cut pieces, of settled forms of speech, which we may employ in new combinations, but which in themselves can never be altered." We need quote no more from M. Scherer's essay to show that that which he considers the surpassing advantage of his own vernacular constitutes at the same time its principal defect. A language which does not allow full liberty of expression—a language which consists of ready-made panels, and which requires nothing more than skilful handling for the insertion of the several fragments into one frame—such a language may serve as an admirable medium for the production of a uniformly elegant literature, but it must finally exercise a most injurious influence on the free development of the mind. The idea that any set of men, however great their genius, have fixed, once for all, the rules of good taste and style, contains, on the one side, so great an amount of undue exaltation, and, on the other, such a humiliating admission of the permanent exhaustion of the genius of France, that we must fully concur in the assertion of Mr. G. H. Lewes in his admirable essay on the "Principles of Success in Literature," that the unreasoning idolatry of their own classics exhibited by French critics is one of the reasons why French literature is not richer than we find it.

One of the advantages of an elegant style is of a relative nature only. It varnishes over the defects of many literary productions which, without the external polish, would at once deter by their ugliness, or be cast aside for their flippancy. We have an instance of this fact in M. Edmond About's latest volume, containing several tales, if they deserve that name, and called "Le Turco," after the principal story in the book. If this had been M. About's first work he would certainly not have attracted the least notice as a novelist. Fortunately for him, he made his literary *début* with a superior work. "Tella" was such a lucky hit that many of his own countrymen doubted whether it was really the production of the then literary novice. His enemies—and M. About's reputation is now so considerable that he probably has a goodly number of them—will only too readily acknowledge that the present volume is entirely his own. M. About promised, in a prefatory notice, in which he emphatically denied the imputed plagiarism, that he would rise early, write diligently, and prove by his future works that his first publication was his own production; but we fear that he must of late have given up these good resolves. The only redeeming feature in "Le Turco"—the other tales we leave, from a charitable feeling, unmentioned—is the abhorrence expressed by the author with respect to all warfare. We should consider this as a favourable sign of the times, if we did not know that it has, of late, become the fashion in France to denounce war theoretically, and to carry it on practically. If "Le Turco," which is a thoroughly commonplace story, had been the production of a less distinguished author, we should have dismissed it with a word, or taken no notice whatever of its existence. But the story having originally been published—strange to say—in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and being the production of the author of "Tella," it requires more than a passing censure.

Our readers will be far more gratified if they should chance to take up André Leo's latest work of fiction called "Le Divorce," an attractive title in our days, in which the dissolution of matrimonial alliances has been made so easy as to have become a species of popular institution. "André Leo" is a lady who has assumed a masculine *nom de plume* like many other female writers, both in France and England. In the present instance the pseudonym has a special signification, and one which might be taken as some sort of guarantee, if not at all times of a strictly moral tone, at least for the absence of gross impropriety. The authoress, whose husband was a well-known Republican, has assumed the Christian names of her two sons as her *nom de plume*. The plot of "Le Divorce" is extremely simple. M. Ferdinand Desfayes has settled at Lausanne, after having sufficiently enjoyed his rather stormy youth. He has married Claire, the daughter of the wealthy M. de Grandvaux. The fortune, as the phrase runs, is equal on both sides, and the respective ages coincide. As regards the heart, it is an anachronism with M. Desfayes, and with Claire it does not yet seem to be clearly defined. Her heart is, to some extent, free, though it is not entirely a stranger to tender feelings for a young French artist who, strange to say, has admired her in silence. But, knowing that she could never become his wife, and being touched by the assiduous attentions of Ferdinand, to whom she attributes, in her youthful imagination, the most noble qualities, she marries the wealthy suitor. The honeymoon being over, Claire "fondly mourned the dear delusion gone." The young couple go through all the stages of matrimonial discord, until, fortunately or unfortunately, they arrive—in spite of their union being blessed by the birth of two children—at the last stage by which their mutual quarrels are to end for ever. The climax is principally brought about by Ferdinand's seeking to console himself for his domestic unhappiness by the company of Madame Foujallaz, a vulgar coquette whom he knew before his marriage, and who adroitly allures him again into her snares. On separating from her husband, Madame Desfayes takes charge of their daughter, and M. Desfayes of their son. This arrangement is, of course, in strict keeping

with the law, but not in accordance with the exigences of nature; for the boy is of a sickly constitution, requiring a mother's care far more than the girl. Madame Desfayes is fully aware of this fact, and sees the impossibility of submitting to the wise ordinances of the "Court of Divorce." She hastens to the man who has blighted the hope of her life, who has so deeply injured her, and implores him to receive her again as his wife. She will submit to any conditions he may impose upon her; she will forget the past and "cherish and obey" him, only to be able to live with both her children and to tend and nurse her ailing son. M. Desfayes is deeply moved, but the hold which his former mistress has still upon him is too strong, and he persuades himself that he is morally bound to retrieve her character, and that, after all, the law has decided, and there is an end of it. We have given the merest outline of this interesting work of fiction, which we may safely recommend to readers of all classes, but more especially to the unconditional partisans of the doctrine that the dissolution of marriage should be made as easy as the contracting of that engagement.

To the unconditional admirers of duels we would recommend M. Gaston Lavalley's romance, "Le Droit de l'Épée." It is a so-called historical novel, having for its subject the well-known tragic fate of Marc-Antoine, the son of the first classical French poet Malherbe. Although, according to several biographers of the latter, we have good reason to believe that young Malherbe was the offending party, we cannot but deplore his fate, and still more so that of his aged father, who until his own death cherished no other thought than that of avenging the "legitimate" assassination of his son, on whom he wrote the touching verse:—

"Ce fils qui fut si brave, et qui me fut si cher."

Marc-Antoine was killed in 1627, and his father in the following year went to the siege of La Rochelle, on purpose to ask justice of the King against M. Fortias de Piles, the murderer of his son. His prayer was not granted, and the old man resolved to take revenge by the same means by which he was deprived of his child. When his friends remonstrated with him on the ground that the match between him and his adversary was more than unequal, he being seventy-two and the latter twenty-five, he replied in his despair, "Je ne hasarde qu'un denier contre une pistole." Malherbe did not long survive the death of his son. Grief brought him to the grave in the year 1628. The story is touching enough in its bare historical reality, but M. Lavalley has thought fit to surround it by the romantic attractions of a work of fiction. He has made free use of his right in the capacity of novelist, by perverting dates and facts. We object to this mode of proceeding in reference to well-established and universally-known historical truths, especially in novels. The subject might be extended by the introduction of new incidents, but the main events ought not to be altered. An historical novel should be nothing else than history made more attractive to general readers by the charms of fiction. We would concede a larger political or literary license to the dramatist, who requires a more complicated machinery for his purpose; and for this reason would recommend "Le Droit de l'Épée" as an admirable subject for the stage. The subject would have a still greater chance of success with us than with our neighbours, because the tendency of the work is strictly moral, and might, by a few skilful touches, be still further improved. Apart from the objections just made, M. Lavalley's novel is one of the best and most interesting works of fiction which have recently come to us from France.

We have a batch of poetical publications before us, and only a few of them deserve any other designation than that of rhymed prose. To these few belong the "Inspirations de Voyages," by M. Louis Goujon. The title sufficiently indicates the tenor of the poems. They are descriptive, and convey to the reader, in well-chosen language, the impressions of the poetical tourist. M. de Vaucelle harps on the same string in his "Cimes et Vallons." This able writer has given some proof of his poetical talent before, and we had a right to expect some improvement. We were not altogether disappointed in our expectation, at least as regards the form, which may be said to be almost irreproachable. But the form alone does not make the poet. M. de Vaucelle's verses are beautiful, and his language is pure; but he does not possess that genial fire which constitutes the real poet. The verses in "Cimes et Vallons" are harmonious and plastic, but cold as marble. Nearly the same reproach might be made to the poems of M. E. des Essarts, entitled "Les Elévations." The author, if we are not mistaken, is a professor of rhetoric, and it will therefore not surprise his readers to find in his verses a smack of the classical schoolroom. They certainly contain an amount of real poetry; but they lack warmth of life. The poems of M. Joseph Boulmier are quite free from this defect. In his "Portefeuille Intime," the reader will meet with humane feelings expressed in a very pleasing, and sometimes highly elegant form. We were particularly struck with a fine poem, called "Vieux Livres, Jeunes Fleurs," from which we quote the following verses:—

"D'une double moisson je remplis ma corbeille,  
Aux frivoles plaisirs j'ai dit un long adieu.  
Les livres sont des fleurs, et moi, j'en suis l'abeille;  
Les fleurs sont à leur tour les livres du bon Dieu.  
Voilà mes confidants, je n'en connais pas d'autres;  
Mes instincts avec eux redeviennent meilleurs:  
Pour le beau, pour le bien, ce sont mes seuls apôtres—  
Tout ce que j'aime est là: vieux livres, jeunes fleurs."

## THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

*Sessional Papers of the Royal Institute of British Architects.* Part III., No. 4.—In no department of science or art has British civilization made greater advances in the last thirty years than in that of architecture; and unquestionably no inconsiderable portion of this progress must be set down to the beneficial influence of the Society whose Transactions lie now before us, and whose birth dates from the seventh year of William IV. The era of the four Georges must always stand out in unenviable relief, as one in which the "art of sinking" had, in architecture, reached the farthest limit which the nature of the subject and its indispensable requirements rendered possible. Our streets had become rows of square or rather oblong boxes set on end, pierced at regular intervals with rectangular holes for windows, and, from their dreary uniformity, might have been supposed to have been designed by a superannuated drill-sergeant, who had spent all his life in a barrack-yard, the monotony of this tedious sameness being broken only by various gradations of bald, balder, baldest. Whenever an attempt at architectural effect was essayed, we saw a building uniting meanness with pretension, the result of a style of decoration elaborately insignificant and frivolous—such, for instance, as the façade of the National Gallery, with its mustard-pot and pepper-casters. Great as is the improvement achieved, much still remains to be done, particularly in the treatment of windows, in which our architects still move in the fetters which have grown up around them from contemplating the productions of architects who wrought for sunnier climes. Thus we still find ourselves shut off from that allowance of light which health, the most paramount of all considerations, no less than convenience, demands. The first paper in the present number, entitled "Additional Illustrations of the Conventual Arrangements of Benedictine Abbeys," by Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D., F.R.S.L., F.S.A., &c., throws an interesting light on the methodical arrangements made, and the respect and attention paid to gradations of rank by our ancestors. "The Cloisters.—The south alley was usually left unoccupied; in the west alley, the Master of Novices, junior monks under his charge, and novices sat; in the north alley, the Prior, near the east church door, and the monks according to seniority, juniors being nearest to him, and sitting sideways with the face of one turned to the back of the other. At the upper end of the east alley sat the Abbot. The bench-tables were covered with matting, and the floor was strewn with hay or rushes, according to the season. At night, before Matins and until their close, five cressets in lanterns were lighted by the Sub-chamberlain, one at the dormitory door and the rest at the four corners. Three other cressets in hanging lanterns were lighted after dark: one in the north alley, in the middle, towards the church door; a second in the west alley, near the ambury of the Master of the Novices; and a third in the south alley, next the Refectory. They were extinguished by the Sub-chamberlain when the 'Rounds' had passed after Compline. The Prior, Sub-prior, and Master of Novices preserved order. The Keeper of the Cloister Ambury for the books had his own seat. At the Lavatory there were five towels, two used by the Cloister Prior and High-Mass Priest, and three on perches for the use of the convent and guests, all being changed on Sundays by the Chamberlain's servant. After meridian the monks washed their hands and combed their heads, and between supper and Beveres. Cloister time was after Prime; and after Tierce conversation was allowed, but those in conversation remained sitting, and spoke in French; Latin was used to a Prior or Master of the Novices; English was forbidden. Shaving took place in the cloister once a fortnight, and feet-washing every Saturday." The second and final paper is "On the Mediæval Antiquities of the County of Durham," by J. Taverer Perry, Associate, and is illustrated by three plates, illustrative of the architecture of Durham cathedral.

The *Geological Magazine* opens with a paper by David Forbes, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., "On the Geological Epochs at which Gold has made its appearance in the Crust of the Earth," the deductions of which, should they be ultimately verified, will prove to be of great interest and importance. Mr. Forbes believes that gold has been introduced into the crust of the earth at two, and only two, quite distinct geological epochs, and that in both these cases it has been carried up by, and in direct conjunction with, the outbursts of distinct and characteristic plutonic rocks. These two epochs he names—1st, older auriferous granite outburst; 2nd, the younger or auriferous diorite outburst. The older or auriferous granite intrusion appears to have occurred at some time between the Silurian and Carboniferous period. To this epoch belong the gold formations of Australia, Bohemia, Bolivia, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Cornwall, Ecuador, Hungary, Mexico, New Granada, Norway, Peru, Sweden, Ural, Wicklow, and also such deposits of gold as are found intruded in quartz, nodules, and veins, which he believes to have been rendered auriferous solely from their proximity to invisible or now superficial granites. The newer or dioritic eruption he terms the post-oolitic, as the veins containing gold proceed from its centre, and cut through the strata containing fossils of decided post-oolitic forms, and possibly may be as late as early cretaceous. These strata are frequently much altered by contact with the diorite. Auriferous rocks belonging to the second epoch are by no means confined to South America, as Mr. Forbes at first supposed. The second article, by D. Macintosh, F.G.S., is entitled "Results of Observations on the Cliffs, Gorges, and Valleys of Wales," and is, in fact, devoted to the controversy on the relative influence of sea, rain, and river denudation, in determining the conformation of the land. Mr. Macintosh is of opinion that between Newbridge and Marteg Bridge is one of the best localities in South Britain for studying the denudation problem. Following the course of the Wye, from Newbridge northwards, you pass through a narrow gorge into the open valley of Doldawlod. You see on your left a transverse gorge running into the bosom of the hills, and abruptly terminated by a cliff. Still following the Wye, you again pass through a narrow gorge, and suddenly arrive in the irregular plain of Rhayader. "Within the space traversed," says Mr. Macintosh, "you have had a sufficient example of what may be called the Great Denudation Puzzle—the problem to be grappled with before any real progress can be made in

determining the relative claims of the seas and rivers, namely, the cause of the narrow gorges which connect comparatively wide and level areas—gorges which cut through ridges, escarpments, and sometimes table-lands." Mr. Macintosh sides with the partisans of the claims of the sea, and argues as follows:—"At any given time, the greater part of the earth's surface must be covered by the sea; during the gradual or intermittent submergence and re-emergence of the land, every part of it in succession must figure as a sea-coast; the average time required for a submergence and re-emergence must be sufficient to allow the sea to efface all the inequalities produced by subaerial denudation; the majority of the inequalities below the sea-level must therefore at any given time be the result of marine denudation." Article III. is a continuation from the August number of the very valuable paper "On the Relation which the East Essex Gravel bears to the Structure of the Weald Valley," by Searles V. Wood, Jun., F.G.S. The rivers Darent and Medway now flow from the Weald through trumpet-shaped openings, which expand towards the Weald as the mouths of rivers would do if a sea were there—that is to say, in the opposite direction to that in which these rivers now flow. Not only so, but the gravels of the Lower Green-sand terrace expand with these mouths, pointing distinctly to a copious water-shed, coupled with a tidal entry and reflux having taken place at this part contemporaneously with the elevation of the country, by which the chalk has been more extensively denuded, and the chalk escarpments pushed proportionally further back. In these two trumpet-shaped openings we have the mouths of rivers, into one of which the opening by Snodland, the broad channel of the East Essex gravel, had shrunk, whilst into the other, by Otford, the drainage in the Thames Gravel Valley made its way to the sea. Flint implements, so abundantly found in the gravels of the Somme, Seine, Little Ouse, and Lark valleys, and in those of the Avon at Salisbury, have not been hitherto found in the wide-spread and extensively worked gravels of the Thames and East Essex. Mr. Wood observes:—"I would not hazard a conjecture whether or not man dwelt in Britain during the Thames and East Essex gravel period; but certainly the absence of his remains in that gravel does accord with the far higher antiquity assigned to it here over those in which his remains have occurred. From the delineation I have given of the outlines of land and sea during the Thames gravel period, it will be seen that I regard the chalk country out of which the valley of the Somme and that of the Hampshire Avon was formed, as undergoing denudation by the sea at this time; and that it was not until this denuded chalk was elevated that the valleys of the Somme and Avon and the Weald were cut out of it." This paper of Mr. Wood's must unquestionably be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions to the geology of the south of Britain that has recently been made. "Some Observations on the Zoantharia Rugosa," by Gustave Lindström, Ph.M., completes an article containing many new facts and observations on these operculated radiata, commenced in the August number. Another paper, also completed from the preceding number, is a carefully-prepared analysis of Professor Daubrée's remarks on meteorites, and their composition, with critical notes by M. Louis Sæmann, Memb. Inst. We have not space at our disposal to do justice to this interesting paper. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the views opened up by the experiments and theories of Professor Daubrée. All who take an interest in cosmogony, geology, or chemistry, should make themselves acquainted with them without delay.

The *Intellectual Observer* opens with an article by Shirley Hibberd on "Lady's Slippers," or perhaps it would be more correct to say, on those sportive efforts of the goddess Flora, Orchids—a flower in which Nature seems at one and the same time to have indulged her taste for the bizarre, and amused herself by foreshadowing, if not caricaturing, various animal forms. A frontispiece is affixed, presenting a coloured drawing of that beautiful orchid, *Cypripedium Veitchianum* (Lady's Slipper), so admirably executed as amply to repay the cost of the number in which it is contained. The elder Darwin saw in the swollen pouch and eye-like anthers of *C. Calceolus* a resemblance to a spider, and in the figure of the plant in the "Botanic Garden," it wears a very spider-like aspect, so as quite to justify the fancy embodied in the passage:—

"So where the humming-bird in Chili's bowers,  
On murmuring pinions robs the pendant flowers;  
Seeks where fine pores their dulcet balm distil,  
And seeks the treasure with proboscis bill;  
Fair Cypripedia, with successful guile,  
Knits her smooth brow, extinguishes her smile;  
A spider's bloated paunch and jointed arms  
Hide her fine form and mask her blushing charms:  
In ambush sly the mimic warrior lies,  
And on quick wing the panting plunderer flies."

Botanic Garden, Canto IV., 501.

Mr. Hibberd has discovered that the great difficulty of getting the hardy orchids to thrive satisfactorily in the open air proceeds from our customary mode of keeping the beds clean, exposing the plants to an amount of evaporation they are not suited to sustain, besides depriving them of that condensation of dew which goes on all night long when innumerable vegetable sprays are associated together. In searching for suitable plants to surface the orchid beds with, he has never found any surpass *Festuca ovina*, which rejoices in the same soil that an orchid bed should consist of, and is both elegant and appropriate, and marvellously active in the condensation of dew and its conveyance to the earth by means of its wiry leaves. The neat mossy herbage of *Spergula saginoides*, or of *Saxifraga hypnoides*, is also equally useful for small-growing kinds, such as *Gymnadenia*, *Ophrys Habenaria*, &c. "Shade, moisture, and protection in winter, are points of some importance," says Mr. Hibberd; "but given the herbage, nearly all the difficulties of orchid-growing come to an end."—In a paper on "Hypothetical Continents," by H. M. Jenkins, F.G.S., the author expresses an opinion that the emigration of animals and plants from Europe more commonly took place towards the east than towards the

west, and cites the affinity of the Australian mammals to those of our oolitic rocks, that of the eocene European plants to the Australian recent, and the likeness of the European miocene flora to the recent American and Japanese, in confirmation. According to Mr. Jenkins, our miocene plants came from America during the eocene period, and their progenitors were the plants of the eocene and cretaceous periods in America, from which have also descended the recent flora of that continent. The fact of American cretaceous and eocene plants occurring in older deposits than a European palæontologist would *a priori* consider possible, remarkably confirms the theories—first, that organisms have migrated from west to east; and, secondly, that deposits in the old and new worlds should be treated as homotaxons and not as contemporaneous.—“Gossip about Fish,” which may be said to be a review of Mr. Comb’s great work on “British Fishes,” is an entertaining paper. Eels, it appears, have been known to get up rocks, climb gate-posts in canals, and even to take a walk in the fields. The tail serves the eel as a prehensile organ, and appears to be the chief seat of its sense of touch, being used to grasp objects. A conger, when taken on board a boat, searches about with its tail, and, if it can succeed in laying hold of the gunwale, will, by a sudden leap, throw itself overboard.—From an article on oaks we learn that in the Golyng oak—which was felled in 1810, and purchased for Plymouth Dock-yard for 100 guineas, and the trunk of which was 9½ feet in diameter—the rings in its butt being reckoned, it was ascertained that the tree had been improving upwards of 400 years, and, as many of its branches were dead from age, it must be presumed to have stood at least a century after attaining maturity. “Plans for Improving London,” “On the Genus *Ficus*,” and the “Lake-dwellers of Switzerland,” are three interesting papers to which attention should be given.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Art-Land.* A Poem. By Thomas Baldwin Wood. (Hardwicke.)—Says the author of this poem, in a preface of six lines and a half:—“I have selected for publication the following specimen from a mass of MSS. (sic) poems long since written. Should this venture be favourably regarded by the public, I shall be encouraged to launch from time to time other parts of the series, all of which illustrate one subject.” What a prospect for the poor public, if it should only be inconsiderate enough to encourage Mr. Wood’s ambition by buying his present “venture”! “A mass of MS. poems long since written,” all on the same subject, and we suppose in the same style, as “Art-Land”! It is a terrible thing to contemplate. Every man is said to have a skeleton in his cupboard. Mr. Wood has poems upon poems—heaps, “masses”—in his portmanteaus; and he threatens us with their production. This is a specimen of his style:—

“There is a palace whose symmetrical and stately build  
Is an expression of sublime and beautiful: each part  
The handmaid of convenience, by one noble thought fulfill’d,  
And breathing in its humblest furniture the soul of Art.”

It appears that the gardens of this wonderful palace (by the bye, is it the Crystal Palace that is intended?) “foster Nature’s powers”; and “the Genius of the castle” is not merely a sculptor, but he “breathes the sculptor’s life.” Furthermore,—

“The grace of moonlit beauty pales his dreamy form;  
His mind an atmosphere of love-shapes, floating rife  
Through plastic hands with pure, creative feeling warm.”

Besides his moonlit beauty, his pale and dreamy form, his mind that was an atmosphere, and his hands that were warm with feeling, this singular being had “golden blood,” and a wife and children who possessed the inexplicable power of “sunning the sunshine”; moreover, it was the quality of the marble on which he worked to “smoothen into soul.” We also find some reference to “moonlight shed from sunshine warm”; with much more in the same manner, which, we must confess, does not encourage in us any strong desire for further specimens of the “mass” of MSS. referred to.

*The Clouds.* A Poem in Ten Cantos. (Freeman.)—Ten cantos of mere description are necessarily somewhat tedious. The author of this poem (who appears to “hail” from Perth, and who dedicates his little book, “without leave,” to Mr. Ruskin) thinks that people generally are not sufficiently observant of the beauty and beneficence of clouds; and so he writes his ten cantos to exhort them to more reasonable and grateful conduct. The style is rather that of the last century than of this—a mixture of smooth and level description with somewhat obvious moralizing. A pleasing vein of feeling and thought runs through the whole, and the images are often very true to nature; but the poetry does not rise above respectable common-place, and the continual harping on one theme becomes tiresome after awhile. The “simplicity,” and yet priggishness, of some passages is almost ludicrous, as where the clouds are made to say to unobservant human beings:—

“I’ve piped to you, but ye refused to dance;  
I build, I paint, I speak, from year to year,  
But look ye will not, neither will ye hear,  
Though all I do is fitted and designed  
To teach, delight, and elevate the mind.”

The following, however, is better, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the writer’s manner:—

“As if the great to level with the small,  
God puts this joy within the reach of all:  
Keeps open temple, both by night and day,  
Where all may come to ponder or to pray:  
Makes beauty shine above the roofless floor,  
And Alps to pass the humble peasant’s door:  
O’er cities foul hangs frescoes undefiled,  
And holds up pictures to the little child.”

This is what may be called “provincial poetry”; but it is good of its kind—genuine and unpretending.

*A Synopsis of Heraldry; or, a Short and Easy Method of Acquiring the Art of Blazon.* With upwards of Four Hundred Engravings, illustrating the Arms of Many Families. By C. N. Elvin, M.A., F.G.H.S., Author of a “Hand-Book of Mottoes,” “Anecdotes of Heraldry,” &c. (Hardwicke.)—Mr. Elvin’s book is published by subscription, and perhaps no species of work is better fitted for such a method of production. Among the general public, there are very few who care a straw about the mediæval eccentricities of heraldry, and such a volume would probably find scarcely any purchasers beyond the small special circles of those who are privileged to “carry arms.” To all such, this “Synopsis” will be of interest, and they have shown their regard for the subject by their patronage of the work. The “base mechanical sort,” to whom “the art of blazon” is a mere relic of the world before the deluge, will probably not trouble themselves with the matter.

*The Average Clause. Hints on the Settlement of Claims for Losses by Fire under Mercantile Policies.* By Richard Atkins, of the Sun Fire Office. (C. & E. Layton.)—The commercial world will doubtless thank Mr. Atkins for this attempt to explain and systematize the very complicated elements of the existing law of assurance, especially with reference to the average clause. The author’s name is in itself a warrant of the ability and knowledge with which the subject is discussed.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

WELSH literature, and the Welsh language, generally come up for discussion at this season of the year. The Eisteddfod calls attention to the Principality, its people and its traditions, and newspaper writers, being rather short of subjects in the autumnal stagnation, are not sorry to consider the affairs of the Cymry. This year, Mr. Matthew Arnold has set several pens going by his letter to Mr. Hugh Owen, President of the Social Science section of the Eisteddfod. Mr. Arnold had been asked to prepare a paper for this section, the eyes of Welshmen having probably been drawn towards him on account of his admirable and most interesting papers on “The Study of Celtic Literature” in recent numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He excused himself from fulfilling this request, on the ground of his being busy finishing a report on foreign schools for the Royal Commission now inquiring into middle-class education, and also because he was not sufficiently instructed in Welsh matters to justify him in addressing those who had given their lives to such studies. “Your gathering,” says the Oxford Professor, “acquires more interest every year;” and he thinks that “a representation to the University of Oxford from the Eisteddfod, urging the importance of the establishment of a chair of Celtic at Oxford, could not but have weight with the University.” Then follows some very reasonable advice to the managers of these celebrations:—“Let me venture to say that you have to avoid two dangers in order to work all the good which your friends could desire. You have to avoid the danger of giving offence to practical men by retarding the spread of the English language in the Principality. I believe that to preserve and honour the Welsh language and literature is quite compatible with not thwarting or delaying for a single hour the spread, so undeniably useful, of a knowledge of English throughout all classes in Wales. Then you have to avoid the danger of alienating men of science by a blind, partial, and uncritical treatment of your national antiquities. Mr. Stephen’s excellent book, ‘The Literature of the Cymry,’ shows how perfectly Welshmen can avoid this danger if they will.” Mr. Arnold favourably contrasts the literary and artistic sympathies of the Welsh people with the tastes of “our own lower and middle class,” and is “filled with admiration” of the Cymry. It is a consoling thought, he remarks, that races which have failed of political success should yet be able to contribute in no small degree to the progress of the world and the civilization of mankind. Finally, he touches on his favourite note of “Philistinism”:—“We in England have come to that point when the advance and greatness of our nation is threatened by one cause, and one cause above all. Far more than by the hopelessness of an aristocracy, whose day is fast coming to an end—far more than by the rawness of a lower class, whose day is only just beginning—we are imperilled by what I call the ‘Philistinism’ of our middle class. On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence—this is Philistinism. Now, then, is the moment for the greater delicacy and spirituality of the Celtic peoples who are blended with us, if it be but wisely directed, to make itself felt, prized, and honoured. In a certain measure, the children of Taliesin and Ossian have now an opportunity for renewing the famous feat of the Greeks, and conquering their conquerors. No service England can render the Celts by giving you a share in her many good qualities can at this moment surpass what the Celts can do for England by communicating to us some of theirs.” Since the publication of this letter, the *Times* has condemned the Eisteddfod for encouraging the spread, or at least the preservation, of the Welsh language. It seems that more people now speak Welsh than spoke it some years ago. This is a remarkable fact; but it is hardly possible that it can be anything more than a temporary reaction.

The “Trumpet” in Shire-lane—a tavern famous in the literature of past times—is closed, and will shortly be pulled down. This is the house mentioned by Steele in the *Tatler*, and it is well known to have been a favourite resort of the wit himself. On a certain 4th of November, Bishop Hoadley (such were the manners of those times) was present at a roystering meeting here, when Steele had to propose “The glorious memory of King William III.” He got exceedingly drunk, and, seeing the Bishop rather disconcerted at the superfluous zeal of one of the Whig company, who went on his knees to do honour to the toast,

whispered in the episcopal ear,—“Do laugh, my lord; pray laugh; 'tis humanity to laugh.” He was shortly afterwards taken home in a chair, and next morning, feeling ashamed of what he had said, sent Dr. Hoadley the following couplet:—

“Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,  
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.”

The house is evidently as old as the time of Steele. Another celebrated old place—Garraway's Coffee-house—is being demolished, and the College of Physicians, in Warwick-lane, of which Garth wrote, has just disappeared. Verily, in a little while we shall have nothing to show our American visitors.

*Notes and Queries* of last Saturday contains a letter from the late Dr. Southwood Smith (apparently printed now for the first time), with reference to the disposal of the body of Jeremy Bentham. The letter is dated June 14th, 1857, and says:—“Jeremy Bentham left by will his body to me for dissection. I was also to deliver a public lecture over his body to medical students and the public generally. The latter was done at the Webb-street School—Brougham, James Mill, Grote, and many other disciples of Bentham, being present. After the usual anatomical demonstrations over the body, a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavoured to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air-pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist, taken from David's bust, Pickersgill's picture, and my own ring. The artist succeeded in producing one of the most admirable likenesses ever seen. I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. This figure was placed seated on the chair in which he usually sat, and one hand holding the walking-stick which was his constant companion when he went out, called by him Dapple. The whole was enclosed in a mahogany case, with folding glass doors. When I removed from Finebury-square, I had no room large enough to hold the case; I therefore gave it to University College, where it now is.”

The Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary relates that Eugénie is very fond of novel-reading, and especially favours such tales as contain records of exciting adventure, courage, and patience. “On the evening before she left Paris for Biarritz, the Empress was absorbed in Edmond About's celebrated novel ‘Trente et Quarante,’ and wholly preoccupied with the fate of Captain Bitterlin, the most amusing personage of this fiction, when of a sudden the Emperor requested her Majesty's presence. Very reluctantly, and not without expressing some regret, did the Empress lay aside the interesting volume to obey her lord and master. The next morning her Majesty left St. Cloud for Biarritz, not having been able to come to the dénouement of Captain Bitterlin's adventures. However, as she reached Biarritz a telegraphic despatch was handed to her. It came direct from the Emperor, and only contained these words:—‘Le Capitaine Bitterlin est mort!’”

Mr. Charles Maclaren, late editor of the *Scotsman*, died on Monday morning at his house, Moreland Cottage, Grange, after a short illness.

The death is announced of Mr. Edward William Dundas, “for forty-five years the friend and confidential clerk of the late and present John Murray, of Albemarle-street, beloved and respected by all who knew him.”

Sir Frederick Madden has resigned the Keepership of the Manuscripts at the British Museum. He has been connected with the Museum since 1826. It is believed that he will be succeeded by Mr. Edward Bond, the keeper of the Egerton MSS.

Dr. John Brown, author of “Rab and his Friends,” &c., is said to be in very bad health.

The first year's publications of the Early English Text Society are now out of print.

The Baden correspondent of the *Temps* gives a long list of Liberal German papers that have been put an end to since the war; and the list is said to be far from complete. When kingdoms are extinguished, newspapers must not complain; and probably the new state of things will not be long ere it discovers its own proper organs.

A weekly paper in the Dutch language has just been started at New York. It is called the *Nederlander*, and is edited by Mr. Hermann H. Niemann.

The *Skandinavisk Post*, the organ of the Scandinavian Association in New York, is to be changed into a daily paper, having been very successful in its original form.

A new French Quarterly has just been started under the name of *Revue des Questions Historiques*. The editor is a M. G. du Fresne de Beaumont, and the first number contains, among other articles, two entitled “The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day,” and “An Episode in the War of the Albigenes.”

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. announce the completion of “The Cambridge Shakespeare,” edited by William George Clark, M.A., and William Aldis Wright, M.A. Vol. IX. (the last) will be published in a few days, containing “Antony and Cleopatra,” “Cymbeline,” “Pericles,” and the Poems. The same house also promises us a work by Dr. J. B. Lightfoot on “St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, with Introduction, Notes, and Dissertations;” and a new and revised edition of Dr. B. F. Westcott's “Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospels.”

Messrs. JAMES PARKER & Co., of Oxford and London, will shortly publish “The Architectural Antiquities of the City of Wells,” by John Henry Parker, F.S.A., Hon. Member of the Somerset Archaeological Society, &c., illustrated by plans and views.

Mr. BOSWORTH has in the press a third and cheaper Library Edition, with numerous illustrations, &c., 8vo., cloth, of “The Directorium Anglicanum,” edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L.—an exceedingly “High Church” work.

Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., of Boston, U.S., who have already published a very inclusive edition of British ballads and of the British poets, are about to issue a collection, in ten volumes, of old English plays, edited by James Russell Lowell, author of “The Biglow Papers.” The series will commence with Marlowe, and will close with the men of the Dryden era. An introduction will be prefixed to each author, and annotations on difficult passages are also to be given. Professor Lowell is an excellent critic, as well as a good poet himself, and is admirably qualified to taste the merits of our old authors. The same house has recently issued a translation of the writings of Epictetus the Stoic, edited by Mr. Thomas W. Higginson.

Under the title of “Bibliotheca Historica” (says the *Bookseller*), Mr. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, has recently issued a voluminous catalogue, compiled only as Germans know how. It is entitled “Verzeichniss einer Sammlung von Werken aus dem gebiete der Geschichte und deren Hilfswissenschaften Vorräthig auf dem Lager von F. A. Brockhaus' Sortiment und Antiquarium in Leipzig,” and is one of the most complete historical catalogues ever issued. It is arranged under countries, with numerous sub-divisions. Thus, of England, we first have General History, then Early History, followed by that of James I. to Charles II., James II., and William III.; then from George I. downwards. The next divisions are Geography and Travels, and lastly, Scotland and Ireland. The collection of works relating to Germany is, as may be expected, very large; but that of such countries as South America and Australia is really surprising. It contains nearly 400 pages, and enumerates no fewer than 8,663 different works—all with prices.

Amongst the many works on Germany to which the late war has given rise, we may mention the following, which have appeared in Paris:—“Voyage d'un Parisien,” par Jules Claretie, 1 vol. in-18, chez Achille Faure;—“Le Caractère Allemand,” &c., par Adolphe Desbarolles, 1 vol. in-48, à la Librairie Lacroix et Verboeckhoven;—“Les Allemands chez Eux,” par E. de Jacob de la Cottière, 1 vol. in-18, chez Dentu;—“Entretiens de Goethe et d'Eckermann, Pensées sur la Littérature, les Mœurs, et les Arts,” traduits pour la première fois par M. J. N. Charles;—“La Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Allemagne au XIXe. Siècle,” par Philarete Chasles, 1 vol. in-18, chez Amyot.

The Bishop of Orleans has just published another work, this time quite foreign to politics—it is entitled “Entretiens sur la Prédication Populaire.”

“Les Institutions Ouvrières de Mulhouse et des Environs,” a work by Eugène Véron, published lately by HACHETTE, is worthy of some consideration in England, as it discusses a question now attracting general attention—how the moral, intellectual, and material condition of the working classes is to be improved. It may be looked upon as a sort of *vade-mecum* for manufacturers who are really anxious about the welfare of their workpeople.

M. CURNOL has just published a novel with the somewhat bizarre title of “Le Roman de la Chair,” written by Jean Dolent.

“Puissance Militaire des Etats Unis d'Amérique d'après la Guerre de Sécession,” is the title of a work on the military power of the United States, containing some valuable information for military men.

HACHETTE & Co. have issued the following new works on Greek literature:—“Histoire de la Littérature Grecque jusqu'à Alexandre-le-Grand,” par Otfried Müller, traduite de l'Allemand par K. Hillebrand; two vols., in 8vo.;—“Panthéon Littéraire des Jeunes Filles” (Histoire de la Littérature Grecque), par Alphonse Feillet; one vol., in 18mo.;—“Anthologie Grecque,” traduite sur le texte publié d'après le manuscrit palatin de Fr. Jacobs; two vols., in 18mo.

A second edition has appeared, at the house of MICHEL LÉVY, of a work called “Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs,” by M. Nicolas.

**SHETLAND STOCKINGS AND THEIR KNITTERS.**—There is perhaps no community that gives such indications of industry among the female population as Shetland. The knitting-needles and the worsted are continually in their hands, and seem to form part and parcel of the woman herself. If you take a walk towards Tingwall, you will meet or pass dozens of women going for or returning with peats from the hill, all busy knitting—one a stocking, another a stout shawl or cravat. The finer articles—scarfs, veils, and lace shawls, which are often exquisitely fine—cannot be worked in this off-hand way, and are reserved for leisure hours at home. The poorer classes generally wear no shoes, but “rivlins,” a kind of sandal made of untanned cowhide, or sometimes sealskin, with the hair outside, and lashed to the foot with thongs. All the wool of the pure Shetland sheep is fine, but the finest grows under the neck, and is never shorn off, but “rooed”—that is, gently pulled. It is said that an ounce of wool can by skill be spun into upwards of 1,000 yards of three-ply thread. Stockings can be knitted of such fineness as to be easily drawn through a finger-ring. The annual proceeds of the industry are said to be not less than £10,000. It is quite common for a servant, when making an engagement, to stipulate that she shall “have her hands to herself,” meaning that all she can make by knitting is to go into her own pocket. The industry of the women is to be accounted for by the fact that by their knitting they supply themselves with dress, but especially with tea, of which they are intemperately fond. It is a perfectly ascertained fact, that the value of tea annually consumed in Shetland far exceeds the whole land rental—about £30,000. Very large quantities of eggs are sent south, bringing in, it is said, some thousands of pounds annually, a great portion of which finds its way into the teapot.—*Good Words*.